

COLLIER'S  
THE NATION WEEKLY

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VOL XLII NO 17

THE BOTANIST

JULY 18 1908



**THE GOODRICH RECORD  
IS A NATIONAL RECORD**

ON the rock roads of New England; in the clay of Illinois; through the black waxy soil of Texas or the swamps and sands of Florida; over the granite pavements of New York or the frozen ruts of Michigan, **Goodrich Tires** have established an unchallenged record for endurance—speed—economy.

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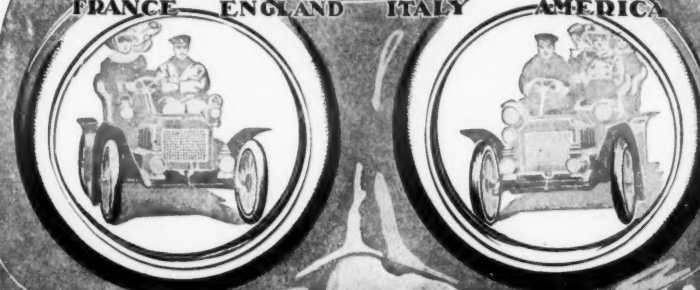
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Prompt gifts are urgently needed to continue this work. Will you help give these little ones a *fighting chance*?

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THE MARSH IS THE BEST QUICK-ACTING-RIM

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# Collier's

Saturday, July 18, 1908



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### SEATTLE, WASH.

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### SUMMER RESORTS

#### POLAND, MAINE

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#### CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

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### NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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### WERNERSVILLE, PA.

**Walter's Hotel Sanitarium** All modern conveniences for Summer or Winter. P.O. Walter's Park, Pa. 94 min. from Phila.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

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## TWO DISTINCT FIELDS OF LIGHT

The last and final move forward toward perfecting a lamp for automobile use—the

## Solarclipse

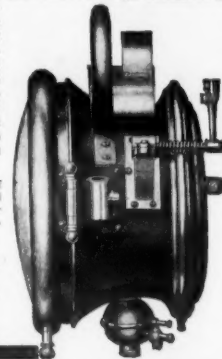
scientifically solves the lighting problem. These lamps illuminate the road with two distinct fields of light; one long and one short distance ray.

### The Automatic Self-Eclipsing Mechanism

which operates from the dash through means of a lever makes it possible to cut out the long-distance ray at will. The long-distance ray projected by Solarclipse Lamps penetrates the darkness for one thousand feet ahead. The short-distance ray is thrown directly in front of the car.

Complete description of the Solarclipse Lamp and Bonard System of lighting in our 1908 catalog. Sent free on request.

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## Eastland Steamship Co.

the line to Cedar Point, the Atlantic City of the Middle West. These bonds will net considerably more than 6% and are fully secured by first mortgage on Str. Eastland valued at \$300,000 and insured for full value.

For sale in amounts of \$500 or more. Send for booklet MM-1 giving full details.

Have you investigated our new Money Order Plan where your money is always on deposit at 4% and yet cashable anywhere at any time?  
Write for Booklet MM-2.

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Tom L. Johnson, President  
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### AWAY FROM THE HEAT

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has along its lines in the Rocky Mountain Region many camping, fishing and hunting resorts. Would you prefer a summer hotel or cottage with every comfort? It may be had. The cost of living on such an outing is no more than at home. Write us for complete information, mentioning this periodical.

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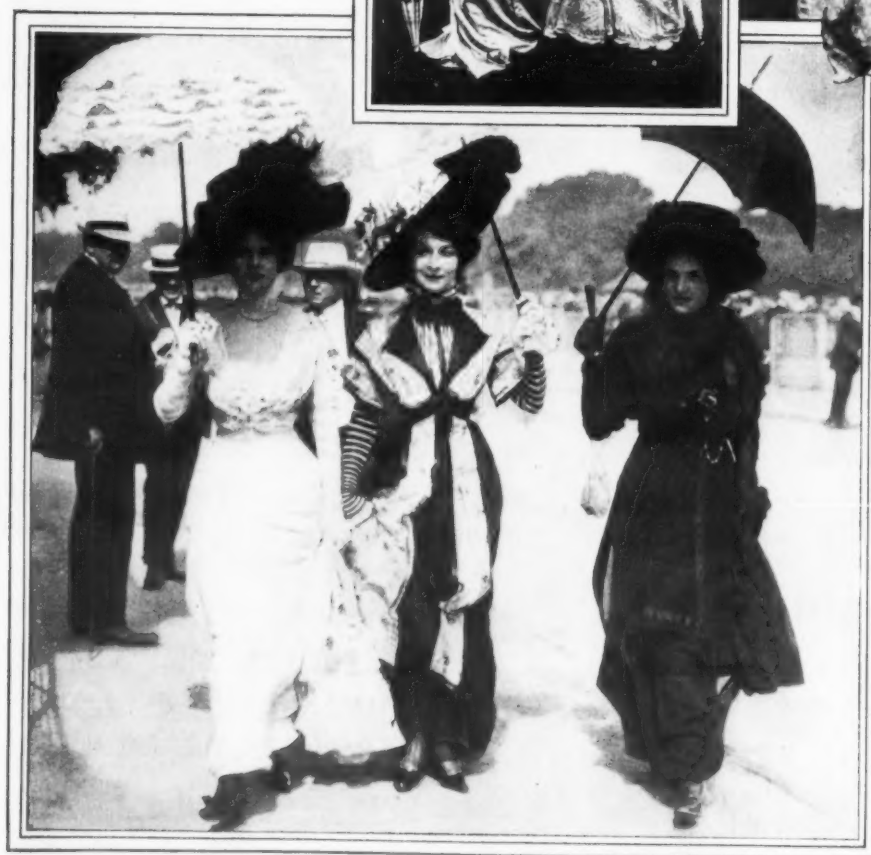
## Clark's Cruises of the "Arabic"

Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '08. Feb. 5, '10. Cruises Round the World. Fall Tours, '08, Round the World.

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## YELLOWSTONE PARK Camping Trips

Delightful, inexpensive. For ladies and gentlemen. Illus. Booklet. Robert C. Bryant, 457 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago



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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street  
NEW YORK

July 18, 1908

### The Most Popular Man



**W**HAT FIGURE gave zest to the campaign four years since? Struggle as they might, the supporters of PARKER could not touch the popular imagination. BRYAN, HEARST, and various other figures aroused some curiosity, or exercised some attraction, but the only very large and persistent attention was monopolized by one man, and that man was ROOSEVELT. Who will hold during the present summer and the approaching autumn that place of interest? At whose name will ears prick up and hearers cease from being bored? TAFT, who has behind him the best record and the soundest arguments of the candidates, may develop personal vividness, charm, or other compelling quality, or he may not. BRYAN has the orator's appeal and the attraction of being for many the faithful leader of a lost, lamented cause, but many also hear his name with something half-way between weariness and resignation. DEBS and WATSON will interest only their own crowds. HEARST can no more be forgotten than can the hammering of nails in one's immediate vicinity, but, for the general public, we fancy his interest is subsiding. The one man who, whatever part he takes in the campaign, or whatever he does outside of it, is sure to have the public's willing ear is THEODORE ROOSEVELT—scarcely less, indeed, than if he were a candidate. Everybody takes an interest in the President. The amount he is liked is great, but the amount of expectancy and welcome are greater still. He galvanizes the phlegmatic. He stirs the sleepy. He stimulates the intelligent and the dull. He furnishes to millions recreation as well as confidence. The pleasant thing about his popularity, many-sided and extraordinary, is that, by the quality of the man, and by thirty years of sound and useful work, his vogue has been deserved.

### Change

**T**HE SPEED OF OUR ADVANCE, in measures intended to soften the average lot, is frequently overlooked. Some, like President ROOSEVELT, who have been leaders in such change, have been led largely by the belief that just concessions to the dissatisfied are the best safeguard against destructive revolutions. For our own part, such considerations are never absent. We are far from the belief that every alteration is for the general good. If some changes help to future strength and happiness, others, in the mask of progress, are as surely retrograde. America's problem, inviting the assistance of all her energy and brains, is to be just and kind to the poorer classes, without turning government into charity. England is now struggling with the question of old-age pensions—not on the German system, which is a compulsory insurance, but as sheer gifts from society to the individual. Such questions will press upon this country probably in another dozen years. Hence our enthusiasm for all measures which, by promoting opportunity for self-help, form a bulwark against weakening dependence on the State. More important, perhaps, than whether TAFT or BRYAN is our President, will loom, in the quiet distances of history, such experiments as Massachusetts is making now. The first license for savings bank insurance was issued to the Whitman Savings Bank on June 18, and that bank was able to announce the following week that it had opened its savings insurance and annuity department. Ex-Governor DOUGLAS's bank—the People's Savings Bank of Brockton—which voted to establish an insurance and annuity department, is about opening its department also. All indications are that this experiment will meet with complete success. The State Actuary, Mr. ROBERTSON G. HUNTER, has secured the approval of some of the best actuaries of the country for the work as outlined by him. All problems have been settled except that which only experience can teach—namely, whether the people can be educated to take the article which is offered to them on exceptionally favorable terms. This education will be made easier by the annuity feature. While the abuses of the industrial insurance companies were the inspiration of this system, and cheaper life insurance was extremely desirable, a still deeper merit of the plan will turn out to be its offer to working men of an opportunity of supplying themselves with old-age annuities. The plan seems to offer nothing less than a means of avoiding, on the one hand, compulsory old-age insurance and, on the other, an old-age pension system sustained by general taxation. The combination life insurance and annuity policy gives life

insurance up to the age of sixty-five, and thereafter an annuity. Hitherto no opportunity has existed by which working men could supply themselves with annuities. Under the savings-bank plan, life insurance with the annuity provision can be had at a cost less than life insurance alone has hitherto involved. Hats off to Massachusetts. This is much to do.

### Some Results

**W**E NOTED two weeks ago that LEE LEVY of St. Louis was still a free man—noted it with a pained surprise that COLLIER'S had so little circulation and influence in the South. Too pessimistic! While that number was still in press, our account of this "nigger gin" industry was being used on every platform by the Prohibition campaigners of Tennessee. "Who killed Margaret Lear?" became a slogan, and the Grand Jury of Chattanooga indicted LEE LEVY. The Model License League has also expelled him from membership. This is good as far as it goes; yet his greatest offense is against the Federal law; and the most satisfactory method of proceeding against him would be a Federal indictment for shipping obscene matter from State to State. What is the matter with the Federal authorities of Missouri?

### Prosperity

**I**N A FREE COUNTRY," said CARNOT, "there is much clamor with little suffering; in a despotic state there is little complaint, but much suffering." In this country, evils which might elsewhere be borne in silence make the welkin loudly ring. For this wholesome openness we sometimes have to pay. The present depression was brought on primarily by speculation, but, no doubt, the sense of insecurity helps to make the rally slow. Some of the protests are so extreme as entirely to miss effectiveness. Recall this, for instance, of the Manufacturers' Association:

"Resolved, The National Association of Manufacturers believes that we have had an excess of agitation under the guise of moral crusades, such as child labor, railway reform, and similar movements, which are excellent and desirable in reasonable measure, but not so when pressed to the hazard of vested interests and property. We, therefore, recommend rest and quiet upon such questions, at least until normal business is restored."

Much more intelligent is the work of the National Prosperity Association of St. Louis, which states its hostility to agitation far more intelligently and expresses the usefulness of railroads with decided tact. The following are extracts:

"There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the business situation. The financial clouds have rolled by. The crop prospects—that basis of all things for all of us—are exceptionally good. We believe we can get back to normal conditions quickly, if we will. We do not see why we should wait for the closing months of 1908, or for the spring of 1909.

"We prosper, we stagnate, we recede, we grow, all together. We invite every business man to talk the Gospel of Good Cheer.

"The plans and methods of the National Prosperity Association of St. Louis are available to any business organization or any individual anywhere. Our Association will welcome any helpful suggestion to increase its efficiency.

"We are confident that if the business men of the United States join in the St. Louis movement, prosperity will be at full tide before the end of the year; that 1909 will be the best business year our country has known."

When fundamental conditions are favorable, the public state of mind has a great deal to do with actual prosperity. Much can be done along the line of the St. Louis Association. Nothing can be done along the line of the Manufacturers' Association.

### An Important Meeting

**A**MERICANS ARE INTERESTED, more and more, in the quality of fuel which they put into themselves. The Pure Food Law could not possibly have been passed half a dozen years ago. Working it out is not proving an altogether easy matter. The report of the experts appointed by the President, to decide upon the innocence or harmfulness of various preservatives, will properly have much influence in all the States, although it is, of course, not binding on the States. Much interest will attach to a convention which is to be held in Michigan, at Sault Ste. Marie, August 4-7, by the Food and Dairy Commissioners of the various States. The packers of various food products differ radically among themselves about the necessity and

effect of preservatives, and so do the various States and countries, Germany, for instance, being more strict in some respects than England. The courts in England, as a rule, interpret the food laws in harmony with a report submitted by the Departmental Committee of Experts appointed a few years ago. This committee condemned the use of preservatives in general, and universally for all infant foods; no preservative of any kind being permitted in an infant food in England. By reason of the supposed necessity of the trade, the Departmental Committee recommended that half of one per cent of borax be admitted for meats and butter. This, we understand, is the only preservative which is permitted in England. It is not, however, a part of the law, but a report of a committee such as the committee of consulting experts appointed by the President. The English Government makes no demands at all in this matter, although there are frequent statements that it requires preservatives in certain goods from this country. Our food law permits the addition of preservatives to a food or drug intended for export to a foreign country when packed according to specifications of the foreign purchaser and not contrary to the law of the country. Thus our law would permit the addition of one-half of one per cent of borax to meat intended for England, but would forbid the substance to be added to meat intended for Germany. We have recently been asked about the attitude of the United States Government toward the use of benzoate of soda. The Secretaries of the Treasury, of Agriculture, and of Commerce and Labor last February amended decision No. 76, relating to this matter, allowing one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda, provided the presence of this substance is plainly stated on the label; this decision to hold until the expert board reports. Nowadays business men themselves take a more intelligent interest in their relation to the public than they used to take, and such meetings as that of August 3-7, where the producers meet in friendly consultation with the State officials, are the best way of ultimately reaching a result which shall be deemed reasonable and just by all.

#### A Sermon and a Text

**D**EAD FLIES, according to Ecclesiastes, have a bad effect on the ointment of the apothecary; and "so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor." A reader refers us to this passage apropos of District Attorney JEROME. The reference is apt. The unfortunate aspect of such an episode is that when a good man is censured unjustly, or with too great violence, all the necessary work of improvement and readjustment receives a setback. Reforms must go on, for they are but another name for progress; every false step sets them back; and no more clear mistake has been made than for the public, because it was disappointed in JEROME, to turn and endeavor to treat him as a malefactor. Such errors lead to cynicism and discouragement.

#### Hearst and Ben

**G**ENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, it will be remembered, in 1884, placed himself at the head of the old Greenback Party, with the hope of compelling the Democratic Party to accept him as its leader. He failed of this, and it was then thought by many that he would draw away so many Democrats as to insure Republican success. Mr. CLEVELAND was elected, and BUTLER was supported by the New York "Sun" and received about 130,000 votes. The Nashville "Banner" points out some resemblances between BUTLER's party and the one Mr. HEARST is launching now. It was called the National Party. The platform declared: "Never in our history have the banks, land-grant railroads, and other monopolies been more insolent in their demands for further privileges—still more class legislation. In this emergency the dominant parties are arrayed against the people, and are the abject tools of the corporate monopolies." It will be one of the amusing occupations of the summer and autumn to see whether Mr. HEARST, with the same material, can greatly improve the Butler record. Possibly he may, for his newspapers carry his appeal to a very large number of readers, of a kind who usually read little else.

#### William and Heine

**M**OST OF OUR IDEAS these days come from conversation, letters, books, or solitary thought. Editorial topics formerly came more often from what struck us as amusing or impressive in other papers. Now we read few newspapers, more good books, listen to the thoughts of active men and women, and read the office mail, which, as present Governor HANLY might say, flows in from an area extending from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the peat-laden swamps of Florida; from the glorious peaks of the Rocky Mountain States to the leafy bowers of Cambridge and New Haven. Attention:

"TO THE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S:

"Dear Sir—Among the COLLIER'S editorials of May 16 there is one about the German Emperor, HEINE, the old American Idee, and MARCUS AURELIUS. Kindly permit me to use the well-known right of the 'constant reader' and draw your attention to the following facts:

"The Achilleion does not belong to the German nation, but to the German Emperor himself. He took part of his savings and bought it. If Mr. COLLIER

buys himself a new house and finds that the old occupant has left him twenty-five bound volumes of 'Town Topics,' he will at once telephone for the Street Cleaning Department and the Vacuum Cleaning Company, and have the library removed. The German Emperor, in the same way, found on his newly acquired estate a statue of a great poet whose personality is strongly distasteful to a very great part of his countrymen. He has a perfect right to have the statue removed, and in no way does this prove anything of the disadvantages of concentrated power.

"You might, however, have used the story to point out the power of the political comic papers in Germany. For no sooner was the rumor of the removal about, but they all attacked the idea with such a violence that it is hardly likely that Mr. HEINE will leave Corfu. \* \* \*

"N. W. VAN LOON."

In the part of the letter represented by asterisks, our Munich reader declares that "Jugend" and "Simplicissimus" exercise over the authorities a censorship of ridicule not possessed by any papers here. Possibly, but how about Governor PENNYPACKER and his anti-cartoon law? No doubt the great abilities of these two comic papers count for much, but it is difficult to believe that the press as a whole, and the public opinion voiced by it, have as much weight in Germany as here; difficult not to believe, also, that the throne, both through its political and its social power, has a far greater influence than national or State governments in America. If the comic papers are making a successful fight in the Heine matter—good. It shows, perhaps, that they and their public do not look upon the question as being quite so exclusively private and personal as would be the imagined episode of Mr. COLLIER and "Town Topics."

#### What to Read

**"YOU HAVE YOUR TROUBLES ALREADY,"** writes Mr. A. T. RICHARDSON of North Yakima, Washington, which may sound far from the Bowery, but which must be a place of considerable civilization. "Sir," says Mr. RICHARDSON, "your recommendation, in the last issue that has reached us through the floods, of Professor SHALER's book, that is still worth reading after four years, is particularly welcome, and suggests a wish which, though somewhat vague, has something in it. Why can you not find somebody and have him, in some way, give your readers a list occasionally of books that were lately new, but are, notwithstanding, still worth while? One may have retired from the world largely to avoid the Six Most Regrettable Sellers, and may still recognize that there is once in a while a good book which he would be very glad to have pointed out to him." From time to time we do confide to our readers what books have seemed to us worth the time and thought they took. Handing over the job to one regular employee would hardly lead to results of most fertility. Why not collaborate? If those among our readers who read, not to kill time, but to enrich it, would acquire the habit of dropping us notes about the books which they like best, occasional extracts from their records, printed here, might pass the torch of higher pleasure to many thousands of their fellow beings.

#### Is This Poetry?

**O**UR SPEAKING OF HENS, with enthusiasm for their primitive instincts and unswerving domestic virtues, has led to protest, which is always excellent in a land of free thought. Listen to this anonymous masterpiece, contributed from the town of Vineland, in the State of New Jersey:

"Oh, cow!  
The editor of COLLIER'S  
Hath addressed thee  
In glowing apostrophes;  
Likewise the whale,  
And various other  
Amiable mammals;  
And we have borne it  
Without antagonism,  
But, gee whiz!  
When he strikes the hen,  
He strikes me  
On a mental,  
But, for that reason,  
Not less painful,  
Promontory.  
Were he a dweller,  
Like the poor writer,  
Next to a Yankee  
Who keeps his chickens  
On a high elevation—  
To wit, the stable's  
Tarred and tinned roof-piece,  
Not for hygienic  
Reasons solely,  
But (this is guesswork)

That they may earlier  
Recognize Aurora  
And, rising quickly,  
Say 'do it now,'  
And get to business  
(They do rise quickly,  
And, seeing Aurora  
Earlier than most hens,  
Begin their peans,  
And one—Euphrosyne!  
Sings, my brothers,  
Sings like a sparrow,  
Sings like a rooster,  
Sings like a tomat—  
Blind Tom isn't in it  
With the hen of my neighbor,  
And that's not all of it:  
Two hours are naught for her,  
She keeps it going  
Till all have risen  
Who have strength to arise)—  
I'd wager something  
He'd take his hen in  
Maryland style, sir,  
Or he wouldn't take it."

This may not be poetry according to the descriptions of bygone critics, but it is poetry à l'Américaine. It has at least two of MILTON's three requisites. It is simple and impassioned. MATTHEW ARNOLD, before affixing his approval, would have required qualities not possessed by this production, but, as the American reporter observed, ARNOLD impressed many of our countrymen as an elderly bird solemnly picking at grapes on a trellis. To our taste this is "a poem round and perfect as a star;" because, as EMERSON said, it is not the meter but the argument that makes the poem.

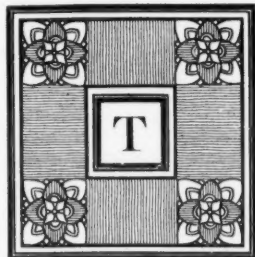
"KAULBACHSTRASSE 35, MUNICH, 23 May, '08.



# My Conception of the Presidency

By WILLIAM J. BRYAN

*Nominated at the Democratic National Convention at Denver for President of the United States*



THE President's power for good or for harm is often overestimated. Our government is a government of checks and balances; power is distributed among different departments, and each official works in cooperation with others. In the making of laws, for instance, the President joins with the Senate and the House; he may recommend, but he is powerless to legislate, except as a majority of the Senate and the House concur with him. The Senate and the House are also independent of each other, each having a veto over the other; and the President has a veto over both; except that the Senate and House can, by a two-thirds vote, override the President's veto. The influence of the President over legislation is, therefore, limited; he shares responsibility with a large number of the people's representatives.

Even in the enforcement of law he is hedged about by restrictions. He acts through an Attorney-General (whose appointment must be approved by the Senate), and offenders against the law must be prosecuted in the courts, so that here again the responsibility is divided. In the making of important appointments, too, he must consult the Senate, and is, of necessity, compelled to exercise care and discretion. The most important requisite in a President, as in other officials, is that his sympathy shall be with the whole people, rather than with any fraction of the population. He is constantly called upon to act in the capacity of a judge—deciding between the importunities of those who seek favors and the rights and interests of the public. Unless his sympathies are right, the few are sure to have an advantage over the many, for the masses have no one to present their claims. They act only at elections; and must trust to their representatives to protect them from all their foes.

Second, the President must have a knowledge of public questions and the ability to discern between the true and the false; he must be able to analyze conditions and to detect the sophistries that are always employed by those who seek unfair advantages.

He must possess the moral courage to stand against the influences that are brought to bear in favor of special interests. In fact, the quality of moral courage is as essential in a public official as either right sympathies or a trained mind.

A President must have counselors, and, to make wise use of counselors, he must be open to convictions. *The President is committed by his platform to certain policies, and the platform is binding; he is also committed to certain principles of government, and these he is in duty bound to apply in all matters that come before him. But there is a wide zone in which he must act upon his own judgment, and here he ought to have the aid of intelligent, conscientious, and faithful advisers. The law provides these, to a certain extent, in giving him a Cabinet, and the Vice-President ought to be made a member of the Cabinet ex officio, in order, first, that the President may have the benefit of his wisdom and knowledge of affairs and, second, that the Vice-President may be better prepared to take up the work of the President in case of a vacancy in the Presidential office. There ought to be cordial relations also between the President and those who occupy positions of influence in the coordinate branches of the Government, for our Government is not a one-man government, but a Government in which the chosen representatives of the people labor together to give expression to the will of the voters.*

But the Presidency is the highest position in the world, and its occupant is an important factor in all national matters. If he is a devout believer in our theory of government, recognizes the constitutional distribution of powers, trusts thoroughly in the people and fully sympathizes with them in their aspirations and hopes, he has an opportunity to do a splendid work; he occupies a vantage ground from which he can exert a wholesome influence in favor of each forward movement.

*The responsibilities of the office are so great that the occupant ought to be relieved of every personal ambition, save the ambition to prove worthy of the confidence of his countrymen; for this reason, he ought to enter the position without thought or prospect of a second term.*

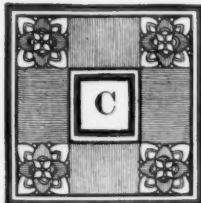
While the burdens of such an office are heavy, and while the labors of the office are exacting and exhausting, the field of service is large, and, measuring greatness by service, a President, by consecrating himself to the public weal, can make himself secure in the affections of his fellow citizens while he lives, and create for himself a permanent place in his nation's history.

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# Long of Kansas

The third in a series of studies of Senate Undesirables, showing why "Joe" Bristow should be sent to the United States Senate to replace Chester I. Long

By J. M. OSKISON



HESTER I. LONG, senior United States Senator from Kansas, doesn't "belong" in his State.

He is an anachronism (which is not "Kansas talk," but a word that fits this big, dignified combination of the oratorical and overcautious better than any other), and Kansas is restless under his cool sway. Long is a "railroad Senator," and a conservative force in the little group of Senators which includes Allison, Hopkins, Hale, Penrose, Elkins, and Aldrich. Now, Kansas has suffered too many real injustices from the railroads, has fought too hard to release her Legislature from their grip, and blushed too often for her Board of Railway Commissioners, to want a "railroad Senator." "Radical" Kansas has become "progressive" Kansas; the reforms her Legislature has worked for—a full-valuation tax law, the primary, wise control of the State institutions, the anti-pass and reduced-fare laws, the cutting out of graft in the State Printer's office—are the reforms that her sister States have fought for. It is a mistake to think of Kansas as Populist; Wisconsin is more radical. Kansas is progressive, however, and her voices in Congress should echo that spirit. Long fails to do this.

On August 4 the State primary (the first under a new law which was opposed by Long's machine) will be held, and the people will be given a choice between sending Long back and substituting Joseph L. Bristow, once Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, tireless corrector of graft in the postal department, hard-working investigator of affairs at Panama, and a logical, clear-headed critic of railroad domination in Kansas. The contest has been called "a race between icebergs"—neither Long nor Bristow (they regret this in Kansas) is a man of real magnetism. Bristow's meaty, undecorated speeches read mighty well—that's admitted. Long has more oratorical tricks, and is abler in debate. So much for their campaign equipment.

In the things the two men stand for, the people of Kansas should have no trouble in choosing. "Joe" Bristow is all "Kansas." He runs a country newspaper, thereby numbering himself among a body of the cleverest, cleanest men the State holds. He stands on his own feet. So far as anybody knows, he has never "played politics" in his life, though he has been in politics, and working hard at it, too, ever since he grew up. And all the time he has stood uncompromisingly for an even totting between the corporations and the people.

Chester Long (though only a few people venture to call the Senator "Chester") is, first of all, a man who plays politics constantly and according to tradition. Personally honest and upright, he is a spendthrift and libertine with offices and promises. Politically, he is either unscrupulous or the victim of the most devilish case of circumstantial evidence the people of Kansas ever had presented to them.

## "Billy" Morgan's Biography of Long

LONG denies being a "railroad Senator," though he studied law and worked for a time in the office of George R. Peck, for twenty years the brilliant railroad lobbyist of Topeka. He says that the railroads have not helped him politically, yet, in 1906, when Congressman Curtis was a candidate for the Senate, Curtis said that the railroads defeated him for the United States Senate in 1903. (That was when Long was elected over Curtis and Governor Stanley.) He disclaims undue friendliness toward the railroads, but since becoming United States Senator he tried to have the general attorney and political agent of the Gould railroads at St. Louis, a Gold Democrat (Long, of course, is a Republican), appointed as a United States Circuit Judge.

Going out to Medicine Lodge in 1885, when he was twenty-five years old, Long began to build a machine that, later, became a model for the State bosses to copy. The "old Seventh Congressional District machine" was Long's highest political achievement. It made him State Senator as early as 1889; it enabled him to cut down the majority of "Jerry" Simpson, the rabid Populist, as a candidate for Congress, from over 7,000 in 1890 to less than 1,800 in 1892; two years later it helped him to defeat Simpson; in 1896 Simpson beat him, but in 1898 Long put "Jerry" down forever. His promotion to the United States Senate in 1903 was due as much to the loyalty and activity of the old Seventh District machine as to anything else. Briefly, this is Long's record.

W. Y. ("Billy") Morgan of Hutchinson, one of the tribe of brilliant Kansas editors, who has attached himself to the Long machine, has written a campaign biography of the Senator that is entertaining—and almost accurate. It begins in this way:

"To understand any man correctly you must know his personal history; the difficulties he has encountered and overcome; what others have done for him, what he has accomplished for himself . . . his method of thought; the theories and policies that control his actions . . ."

Long is farm-bred. His parents moved from Perry County, Pennsylvania, at the close of the Civil War, when Chester was five years old, and lodged on a farm

in Daviess County, Missouri. Ten years later young Long started out to educate himself—his friends say for a statesman. There is only one accepted way in the Middle West—to teach school for a while, and then go to a higher school for a while. Long did this for four years, then spent a whole year at a normal school in Paola, Kansas. People at Paola, who proudly measure the Senator's big, top-hatted, frock-coated, and dignified figure, recall his entrance into the town. As one of them put it:

"Chester was even then a handsome kid, but he didn't know how to wear his clothes. He soon learned, however—you know, a lot more is expected from a boy named Chester in that line than from Dick, or Bill, or Charlie; and, honestly, I can't help thinking of Chester as a boy with knee pants and a silk hat."

## Long's Training Under George R. Peck

IN THE normal school Chester was a glutton for work. History he swallowed, and forensics he spouted. Later, he taught elocution. The creek bottoms of Missouri and Kansas have heard many a young oratorical effort such as preceded Long's rise to a mastery of the rules—"right foot placed a little ahead of the left and at right angles thereto, the head well up, and, except when used for appropriate gestures, the hands hanging easily at the sides."

After quitting the Paola normal school, Long taught for three years, then went to Topeka to study law with Peck. In those six years at Paola and Topeka, says "Billy" Morgan, Mr. Long "never refused any employment because it involved hard work." Nor has that habit of working hard ever been broken. Long's speeches on the Porto Rican Tariff bill in 1900, and on the court review provisions of the Esch-Townsend bill for regulating railroad rates in 1905, are monuments of long and hard, if somewhat indiscriminating, work with books and reports.

"In the ten years of a man's life from fifteen to twenty-five," says "Billy" Morgan, "his character is molded . . . his methods of thought are fixed, his ambitions are developed. . . ." Long studied law under Peck, the brilliant railroad lawyer and lobbyist, for over two years, and then left to make a career for himself in Medicine Lodge, "way down near the southern boundary of Kansas. The town, small as it was, was the political capital of the Seventh District, a Populist-ridden area of thirty-two counties, about the size of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts lumped together. The method of thought Long took with him when he left Peck at the end of that psychological period of life from fifteen to twenty-five was the method that has served Peck so well.

It would be unfair to Peck, however, to say that Long carried away all of Peck's wide culture, his keen humor, and his personal charm. Here is a side-light on George R. Peck that is worth flashing. In one of the old pre-revolution sessions of the Legislature, when the railroads were able to drive the law-makers with a slack rein, one of the "busy B's" (a quartet of legislators, all of whose names began with B) approached Peck with a serious face and a moving tale of woe.

"Peck," he said, "the end of the session is mighty close and the boys are about broke. You know we've been good to your folks right along; we ain't stood in your way for a minute. Now, ain't there some way for you to make a raise to help out the boys?"

"I don't see how," Peck replied. "I've got about all the money I can, and you boys have had your share. How am I going to raise any more without getting into trouble with my people?"

Senator Blue pondered the question seriously for a while, then brightened up.

"You write back to your folks," he confided, "and say that the end of the session is mighty close, and that old Dick Blue is actin' kind o' queer."

This is one of the stories that make Peck a welcome guest among men who appreciate the larger humor of life.

Long has had the misfortune of being right once. Whatever motive was at the back of his move to Medicine Lodge (and it is not difficult to conceive that Peck wanted a trustworthy young champion of "conservatism" to combat the aggressive anti-railroad radicalism of the Jerry Simpson brand in the southwestern section of the State), Long worked hard and effectively to puncture the visionary schemes of Simpson. Land loans, free silver, the establishment of subtreasuries for the relief of "a stricken people"—these were the bogies that the newcomer to Medicine Lodge found he had to fight. In 1889 a vacancy occurred in the State Senate, and Long was elected to fill it. His first appearance as a public man was made in the Legislature of 1891, a session that marked the highest point in railroad control and corruption. It is not recorded that the new Senator made any stir either as a reformer or as the railroads' man. The following year the Populists made a clean sweep of the State offices, and put up such a fight for control of the House of Representatives that the locally memorable "Legislative War of 1893" resulted. While the Populists were barricaded in the State House, and the Republicans were wheeling the old cannon into position in front of the east wing of the capitol; while war talk raged and a crowd of armed Republicans marched through West Ninth Street from the Copeland Hotel to storm the steps packed



Senator Chester I. Long of Kansas

with Governor Llewellyn's militia. Long, one of the attorneys for the contesting Republican House, was characteristically digging into the law and the precedents. His brief was later quoted from by Chief Justice Horton when he announced the decision of the Supreme Court of the State.

## Populism, and the Seventh District Gladiator

LONG'S first defeat of Simpson for Congress, in 1894, turned somewhat more than the average amount of attention toward him in Washington. By this time, as his Paola admirers would say, Long had become "a handsome dog," his ability to dig proved useful on his first committee assignment (Elections No. 2), and in his first two years at Washington he grew steadily.

Then the campaign of 1896 came on. Free silver was the one issue, especially in Kansas, and particularly in the radical Seventh District. "Coin" Harvey's writings succeeded "The Seven Financial Conspiracies" as the most popular book. In that year Long cast his vote in Congress against free silver, though the chorus of voices of his friends in the Seventh District advising the other course rose loud and clear. He undoubtedly realized that that vote meant his defeat. A friend has sketched Long's attitude at this time.

"I'll go back and fight 'em," he is quoted as saying. "I'll pack my trunk this very day and take the first train home." And he did. That summer campaign against Simpson, though it resulted in his defeat, moved Long up to the highest point of statesmanship he has ever achieved. He was right, and he fought hard. Simpson said just before the election: "I shall win, but Long has defeated me in these debates."

From that time to this, a matter of twelve years, during ten of which Long has been in Washington as Representative and Senator, he has never ceased to think and talk of that fight against Simpson. In his opposition to every progressive movement that Kansas has endorsed, Long has used the old arguments. La Follette he has blithely branded as a faker, and has classified him with Mrs. Lease as a sensationalist who talks yellow in order to increase his earning power as a lecturer. Whatever influence his Seventh District, and, later, his State machine, could exert against the passage of such laws in Kansas as the primary, the anti-pass and reduced-fare laws, the reform of the State tax system, has been exerted, and always the cry has been that these measures were the foolish visions of half-mad radicals.

In 1898, as has been set down, Long defeated Simpson for Congress a second time, leaving the score even. The lion of Populism was dying, and Long made a fine figure of the gladiator who had strangled it in Kansas. Washington applauded his reappearance; Speaker Henderson put him on the Committee on Ways and Means. Long was the second Kansan to secure a place on this important committee. Also, Long was made a party whip, a tribute to his diligent attendance.

When President McKinley sent in his "Our Plain Duty to Porto Rico" message, Long was lined up square for the removal of all tariff restrictions, and when the Administration switched to a half-way measure, Long dutifully and characteristically followed. (He has always been a party man—as "regular" as Cannon, and about as reactionary.) His speech on the constitutional aspects of the question required, says "Billy"

Morgan, fall of session of reciprocity spent in forensics six months reciprocity. session enthusiasm. If Long's constitution power would be Kansas which the list of progress h page, per ering t votes of of relief instance.

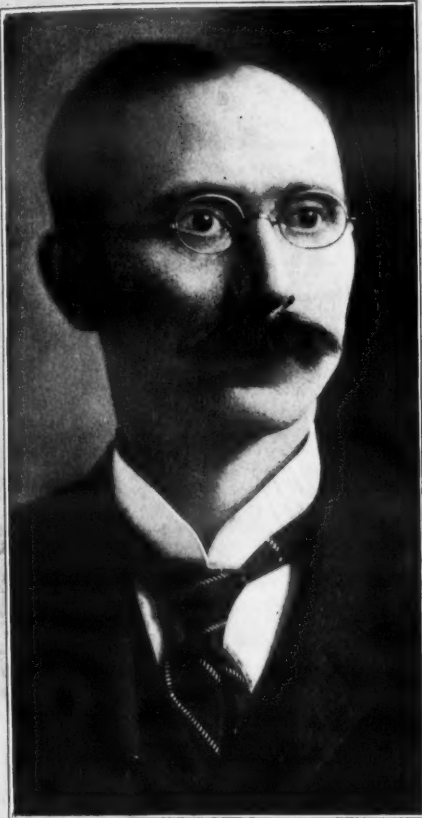
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Joseph L. Bristow, Candidate for Senator

Morgan, assiduous study throughout the summer and fall of 1899 and during the first two months of the session of Congress. The next summer, the question of reciprocity with Cuba having forged to the front, Long spent in digging up the material for another great forensic effort. "Billy" Morgan says that he devoted six months to the examination of the possible effect of reciprocity on the beet-sugar industry of western Kansas. He led a five weeks' fight in the House, in the session of 1901-1902, to a successful issue, and won the enthusiastic admiration of President Roosevelt.

If Long could be kept in Congress as a sort of constitutional adviser and Senator at large, without the power to vote on questions affecting Kansas, the State would be proud of him. But as the voice of progressive Kansas he has failed. Consistently, on legislation in which the State has a vital interest, Long has lined up with the "interests" and against the people. A long list of his votes as Representative and Senator in Congress has been prepared, which includes citations of page, part, and volume of the Congressional Record covering the years from 1895 to 1908, showing Long's votes on thirty-five different measures for some form of relief from railroad or corporation oppression. For instance:

"On pages 5857-8, Vol. 28, Part Six, of the Congressional Record, Congressman Long's vote was cast to validate some fraudulent railroad bonds issued in New Mexico." Again: "On page 6298, Vol. 28, Long's vote is recorded in favor of a shady reorganization of the Northern Pacific Railroad." Through the chapters the record is traced to Senator Long's final vote last March in favor of the Aldrich Currency bill, with its provision for making railroad bonds the basis of currency.

This record shows a vote against a bill giving relief to railroad employees killed or injured in the service of a railroad; it shows a vote against limiting the hours of service of railroad workers; it reveals a vote against a nine-hour law for railroad telegraphers; it reveals Long as the steady opponent of all propositions to extend the rate-making powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission; it shows that he has fought all propositions to limit the courts' power over the Commission; it discloses Long as the friend of the railroads that owned coal lands.

"On pages 6571-6572, Vol. 40, of the Record, we find Senator Long voting to give the railroads the longest possible time to get rid of their coal lands."

#### Why the Railroads are Friendly to Long

**I**MPRISONMENT for rebaters was proposed in Congress, and Long voted against it; he opposed the bill to prohibit judges who pass on railroad-rate cases from owning stock in the road; the proposal to prohibit the railroads from competing with private citizens in various lines of business found Long unfriendly. And so on, and so on. Party questions were not involved—in practically every case it was a plain issue between the interests of the railroads and the interests of the people. It is not surprising that the railroads elected Long, or that Long supported the railroads. To him they have always represented a greater and a more enduring power than resides with the people. Kansas is not of that belief; the State has bowed to the railroads, but never willingly. The spirit of revolt just now is high.

Though the railroads have kept Long in Congress and backed up his State machine enthusiastically with prodigious

gal issues of passes and jobs for the smaller cogs, it must be said that Long has not been bought. The point of view of the railroads is his own point of view. Trickery in business, the old way of stamping out competition and then putting on the heaviest possible price, is, in his view, the normal order.

In the present campaign between Long and Bristow, the issue, so far as it relates to Government control of railway rates, has been summarized:

"Long believes in making the value of the service the basis of charge; Bristow contends for making the cost of the service the basis." Long's theory was expressed crudely by "Old Bill Shiftless," a genial Frankenstein of the Osborne "Farmer's" creation. "Bill" speaks for Osborne County, and asks:

"How much do you suppose it would cost to send grain by wagon from Osborne to Kansas City? What would the people do without the railroads?" All the traffic will bear is the only logical basis for an estimate of the value of a carrier's service to a community. So thinks Long. The actual cost of the service, plus a reasonable profit for the managers—that is a fair charge, thinks Bristow.

In a speech at Beloit, Kansas, in September, 1906, a speech that was printed before it was delivered in the Topeka "Herald" (a notorious railroad organ, now defunct), Long said:

"I voted against the amendment [in the rate bill] providing for the valuation of railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission because I believed that such information would be of little practical value. It assumes that the element of the cost [to the railroad] of service is the principal one to be considered in fixing a rate. It is often impossible to determine the cost of transporting an article, and in the end it is a question of judgment and comparison. Often the value of the service is more important than the cost of service." A Kansas railroad attorney has made the classic apology for this method of fixing rates:

"The people are prosperous and can stand it."

#### The Bristow Theory of Railroad Charges

**B**RISTOW has been fighting railroad abuses about as hard and consistently as Long has been dodging the issue. In his Salina "Journal," in 1905, he said of a system of rate regulation which gives "distant cities and other States advantages which nature intended for Kansas," and which "compels the people of this State to pay excessive rates on the commodities they consume," that it "is an injustice which they may not be expected to endure." Again, two years ago, catching up the railroad attorney's phrase, "the people are prosperous and can stand it," Bristow wrote:

"Generally speaking, that idea has controlled the business world in America from the beginning. But there is no justice in the idea. . . . The people of Kansas are not demanding railroad regulation because of poverty, but because it is fair and honest and right."

#### To The Senate.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$  
 \$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Say, Senator,  
 Constituents,  
 Who sent you hence,  
 Would like to know,  
 What's wrong with you?  
 Did you get that  
 Telegram  
 You claim,  
 Don't you know  
 Not long ago,  
 We proclaimed  
 A dec-lar-a-tion  
 Of in-de-pend-ence  
 From rule of railroad trust  
 Wake up! Shake off the dust  
 Seize your opportunity.  
 Lead us on to victory.  
 Or something will drop, kerswot  
 And will not leave a grease spot  
 Of senators who fail to stand.  
 For what constituents demand.  
 Hear from you. Now  
 Wink we be—

lature passed the last of the reform bills in an extra session called by Governor Hoch last spring

#### A Graphic Circular Warning to the Kansas Senate

For five years a small group of State Senators, units in the machine of United States Senator Long, composing the "Lodge" at Topeka, succeeded in suppressing such reform measures as a reduced-fare law, a full-valuation tax law, and an anti-pass law—all measures that were aimed to secure justice as between the railroads and the people. The hardest fight, and the one in which the railroads were most concerned, was made on the bill to reduce passenger rates in the State. After repeated appeals in circulars such as this, telegrams, and letters, and after long-continued newspaper "pounding," the Legislature passed the last of the reform bills in an extra session called by Governor Hoch last spring

well is, therefore, between Kansas City and Galveston, 295 miles nearer the Gulf than is Kansas City. Up until a recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission [a decision which fixed 25 cents as the maximum rate for distances under 750 miles from Galveston, and, by inference, would apply to Caldwell], the rate from Caldwell to Galveston has been the rate from Caldwell to Kansas City, plus the rate from Kansas City to Galveston. When I spoke at Caldwell some two years ago, the rate then from Kansas City to Galveston was 16 cents per hundred; the rate from Caldwell to Kansas City, 12½ cents per hundred, while the rate from Caldwell to Galveston was 28½ cents per hundred, almost double, although Caldwell was on a continuous line between Kansas City and Galveston, and 295 miles nearer the Gulf. What is true of Caldwell is true of every town in central and southern Kansas."

#### The Typical Case of "Andy" Richards

**I**T MAY be the fact that somewhere Long's theory of railroad charges is the only workable one. Bristow says it is vicious in Kansas, and proves it. The issue, as Kansas judges it, is between a theory that does justice to Kansas and one that is overconsiderate of the "vested interests" outside the State. It is between a man who talks specifically of the necessity for real rate regulation and one who thinks of his own people as rabid, unreasoning railroad baiters.

So Kansas is with Bristow on this part of the record. Long as a machine builder in Kansas is to be reckoned with. He is the kind of politician that one thinks of as belonging to a more sophisticated age than has yet dawned in Kansas.

"When Long goes to a town," they will tell you, "he doesn't get out and mix with the boys. He sits down in a room at the hotel and sends for the men he wants to see. At the door he posts 'Mort' Albaugh, his political Man Friday, and only one man at a time goes in. There is a conference. Long says just what he wants done and what the reward will be, and turns over the details to his visitor, with the assurance that the visitor is the only man in the State who can do the work. Long makes each man think he is the one indispensable spoke in the wheel. And when the work is done, Long pays. His men know that. The Senator isn't a 'welcher'—he'll go as far as the next man to get an office for a worker. If payment is held up, Long is never discouraged. Take the case of 'Andy' Richards as an illustration."

This case of "Andy" Richards is typical of Long's methods in more ways than one, though the cases of "Sunny Jim" Simpson, of "Mort" Albaugh, of "Billy" Edwards, of "Doc" Moore, or of "Bill" Mackey would do almost as well to point the willingness of Long to use, and pay, any man who can do his work.

Twenty-nine years ago "Andy" Richards walked down from Wichita to Wellington, carrying a gambler's outfit, and rented space to open a game in Penn Yetter's saloon. He was a "good sport"—when the band boys needed new suits, Andy set aside as his contribution a certain percentage of his winnings on one day's play. You can see how this would work out, advertised in advance. The band boys got a good sum, and so did Andy.

Kansas soon recovered from gambling and frontier license. Richards then taught school for a time at Oxford! Later he returned to Wellington and started a newspaper. He sold this paper after running it a year or so, and took up what he called the "Doubtful Title Business." It was a sort of legal blackmailing game—when he found a piece of property with a flaw in the title, he went to a former owner, who claimed nothing, and bought, for a trivial sum, a quitclaim deed. Then he went to the man in possession, and, showing his own quitclaim deed, forced the best settlement he could. But he didn't last long at this game—some of the cases got into court, and the judges spoke so plainly about his methods that he was constrained to turn to more legitimate business.

"A. A. Richards, lawyer," was his next title, and here is the story of how he acquired an office. D. N. Caldwell of Wellington owned a lot near the courthouse, against which some claim stood. Richards heard that Caldwell was to bring a friendly suit to clear the title, and offered to conduct the case without any fee, saying that he meant to make a specialty of land-title litigation, and that he needed a case to give him prestige. Caldwell turned the matter over to him, and as soon as Richards obtained the facts he secured a quitclaim deed from the man who was to be made defendant. One morning Caldwell was surprised to find a small building on the lot, with Richards occupying it as a law office. Afterward he was ousted from the property.

#### A Senator Who is "Good Pay"

**A**S A lawyer, Richards was not a success. He was a mortgage company's attorney for a year or two, then gave up and moved to Oxford to run a newspaper. Eighteen years ago he returned again to Wellington and started the newspaper that he managed until Senator Long had him sent to Washington a few months ago as a special assistant to the Attorney-General, with general supervision of land matters, and in charge of the Government's land-fraud prosecutions!

"Richards does the dirty work for Long." That is the way they put it in Kansas. In 1896 Long, then a Representative in Congress, tried to have Richards made postmaster at Wellington, but the volume of protest was so loud that Senator Baker notified Long that he would block the appointment in the Senate if it was made. At that time certain reputable business men of Wellington announced, in affidavit form, their intention, in the event of Richards getting the office, of sending all their important letters to be mailed on the trains!

At least twice he has been impeached as a witness in court; and in another case, in which he was expected to testify, thirty witnesses were called to impeach him; but they were not needed. On cross-examination he

(Continued on page 22)

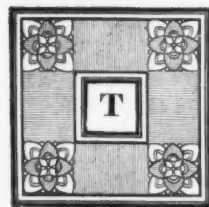
# Her Business Manager

The Story of a Woman Artist's Supernumerary

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN



"This must be Master Schiff"



HE man who opened the studio door regarded the artist's visitors with an expression so compounded of slyness, condescension, defiance, and fear, that these various emotions had the effect of neutralizing each other, and left him as blank—or as portentous, whichever you like—as the Mona Lisa.

"Step in, Mr. Schiff—'tis Mr. Schiff, isn't it? This must be Master Schiff." He reached out a small pasty hand to pat the head of the delicate boy who carried a violin case, but the pasty hand recoiled and joined its mate in an ingratiating rub and wring. Indeed, the child's angry stare might have cowed a braver man.

"We will wait for Mrs. Marvin." Mr. Schiff's English, though guttural and hissing, was that of a scholar. The voice, too, was pleasant with the pleasantness which comes from much conversation with children. The other man's voice was worn and rasping, as if from inward corrosion, and had a way of being loud in the first few words of a sentence, as though a person of determination were speaking and speaking with purpose, and then the sentence would waver and die out in the merest ragged whisper without accomplishing anything. As to the rest of him, his socks looked out between the soles and uppers of his carpet-slippers, and his toes, wanly flesh color, glimpsed through his socks. Instead of a collar he wore a yellow silk handkerchief pinned together by an imitation coral hand whose jointless fingers were clenched impotently. His face was almost unwrinkled; he was very bald and had bad teeth, small with wide spaces between. A model, no doubt, Mr. Schiff thought, and, paying him no further attention, sat down in the Morris chair which he had come to regard as his own during the half dozen sittings upon which he had accompanied his son. He pulled out his dog-eared copy of Heine, and settled placidly to read. Master Eugen Schiff, the prodigy, gloomily perched in a broken-down chair with a carved back, and leaning his elbows on the violin's worn case, kicked his heels rhythmically. "I told you we'd be too early," he muttered. He was getting American ways with his father.

Meeting the dull, ingratiating eye of their entertainer, he scowled, helped himself to a sketch-book and a piece of tracing paper, and took himself to a burrow he had previously constructed out of canvases and portfolios by leaning them against a lay figure. The creature's knees thus served as the central pillar of his edifice, and the result was a dimly lit cave, infinitely safe and retired.

The book was filled from cover to cover with drawings of impossible fairies, pleased looking princesses, and saint-faced knights astonishingly broad of shoulder, narrow of hip, and long of leg. This was the little-girl-drawing-book of the artist lady who was now drawing him for the magazine people, and he privately held that the work in it was much superior to that she was now doing. It had been at the tip of his tongue to say so once or twice, but remembering his own mournfulness at those times when his master said: "You played that better yesterday," he refrained—at least, until she should be looking happier, but that time had not come yet.

So now he took the fairy book and the tracing paper to his retreat, shutting out all sight of the unpleasant man, and, like a true artist, forgot everything except what was under his nose.

The unpleasant man, thus disregarded, stood uncertainly in the middle of the floor, blinking meekly, and washing his hands in air, though water would have

been more to the purpose. He still seemed to think that something was expected of him, and after some moments' thoughtful blinking and hand-wringing, muttered: "Oh, yes!" and shuffled over to a set of shelves piled with sketches and clippings that were seldom disturbed. Thence he returned, blowing dust from a portfolio and looking animated.

"You would be interested in these, I'm sure," said he, thrusting it between Schiff and his Heine, like a waiter intruding his bill of fare. The German showing a flash of interest behind his spectacles, he went on quickly:

"She has a tremendous lot of these things lying around and getting dusty. I've tried again and again to have her dispose of the lot to some dealer. 'Make a clean sweep,' I say, 'and begin fresh.' But she won't. That's like a woman; no business instinct, no system. A woman's place," said the man with the eager gravity of one entering upon a hobby, "is, or ought to be, in the home. You Germans keep her in her place better than we do."

A vague trouble had been gathering behind Mr. Schiff's spectacles. He watched the man narrowly and opened his lips either in protest or agreement, but distaste of his interlocutor choked him and he made no reply.

The elevator bell rang sharply. The man listened until footsteps had passed the door and gone elsewhere before he resumed, which he did with an air of haste and preoccupation.

"I have to take charge of—of her business interests, or she never would get anywhere at all. These are all for sale."

He selected some sketches at random. "Now, these are some of her best work, but—but I could let you have them as low as five dollars apiece."

Schiff looked them over very slowly. Knowledge that the other was twittering with haste made him slower still. He was thinking with the heavy quickness of his kind. "If an elephant wants to overtake an express train," says an important authority (I fear I am not quoting exactly, but no matter), "he will not run, but he will overtake the train," and such was the manner of Schiff's cerebration.

"Mrs. Marvin's work is without doubt excellent," he remarked at length, "but you surprise me when you represent her as without business sense. I had gathered—" he felt his way carefully in order to put the matter delicately, then concluded brusquely, as he real-



"Eugen! You mustn't play if I am to draw . . . to-day!"

ized that delicacy would be thrown away upon this very unpleasant man—"I understood that she worked more from necessity than choice; that there were those who were dependent upon her."

The man made no reply. He bent over a sketch, absorbed in removing some minute speck. Almost, Schiff thought, he detected a slight redness of the pasty cheek, but if it were there at all it was gone directly, and the man resumed in a businesslike tone:

"Of course, all this, clever as it is, is only a woman's work, after all. No woman ever was really great in the field of masculine endeavor. Take literature," he waved his bitten fingers impressively, "see what a mess they have made of it! It all began with George Eliot. That gave them the idea, and they've been at it ever since till no editor will look at a manuscript that doesn't wear petticoats."

"So!" said Mr. Schiff imperturbably. He was making a pile of selected drawings. The man watched it grow avariciously, but kept on with his chatter. "Literature, ah! Now, that is an occupation calling for the strong brain of a man. Once," he sighed, "I dreamed I might do something that way myself, but circumstances always came between me and the supreme effort. One must have leisure," he concluded with pathetic patience.

Mr. Schiff separated the drawings into two piles. In that which he kept under his hand there were ten.

"Please ask—your wife—" he paused, but the man accepted the relation without comment. Schiff again sighed and went on—"if she is willing to let me have these."

"Oh, she's willing, all right. I attend to all that sort of thing, you know. . . . That will be fifty dollars," he ran a calculating thumb across the edges as one counts a deal of cards, and looked at Schiff with the expectancy of a salesman. Schiff regarded him steadily, but decided that though he smelled a lie somewhere he could not place it. "I will make out a check," he said, but as he reached for his vest pocket the man interposed with airy haste.

"Better let me have some of it in cash. I've got to run right out and make some purchases. I forgot to draw anything from the bank to-day."

Schiff meditated, made out a check to the artist for forty-five dollars, and placing a bill with it pushed it over. The man forced a disappointed smile, and straightway began to change his carpet-slippers for some unpleasant looking shoes which he extracted from beneath a divan.

"I'll go right out," said he, "and do the marketing. When women insist on doing men's work, the men have to do the women's work—and their own, too—and things go to the devil generally. It's the curse of the age." He drew up his coat collar to hide his lack of linen, tried in vain to remove a dent in his hat crown and was gone. But Schiff, an ear turned to the door after it was shut, thought he heard a sound like a hand slapped smartly upon a knee and pondered, for that is the gesture of triumphant cunning.

"Married to that?" mused Schiff. He had thought her a widow, somehow, and upon that supposition had been building a dream. "Letitia B. Marvin," her shingle read simply, and she was tall and dark and had a non-professional way of looking at the boy. Schiff's spectacles had been turned wistfully upon the face of many women since he had found himself alone in the world with his perplexing and wonderful child, but he never had been quite suited with what he saw until Letitia B. Marvin's somber black eyes had flashed upon his son. Eugen was a knowing little chap. On the way back from that first sitting he had issued an enthusiastic command: "Father, marry her!" And the idea had seemed a good one to Schiff himself, though at the time he had only said: "Tchut!" and blushed.

That first day, and the other days until now, the

studio, with all its crowding canvases, had been neat. To-day it was filled with dust, disorder, and another personality. The door that had concealed her little kitchen had been carelessly left open, and there was a gross odor of fried onions and burnt bacon.

"Ach!" sighed Mr. Schiff gutturally. He turned over the sketches he had just purchased. By the yellowed margins and the too painstaking workmanship they should have been made years ago, when



she had been an artist for love and not for daily bread. It was singular, he thought, how many imaginary women played with or instructed imaginary children, or worked in kitchens with a glimmer of busy firelight on bright tin and copper—and the women were all slender and dark. Somewhere in Schiff's bulk dwelt the shy, romantic ghost of a young man who had once written verses in imitation of Heine and had married a pair of blue German eyes . . . and had not been very happy.

The artist came in, grave, pale, shabby. Eugen, darting forth from his stronghold, seized her about the knees, looked up into her fallow face with loving rapture, and sentimentally exclaimed: "Geliebte!" Her hands lingered upon his shoulders, and she put back his overlong hair from his forehead, but made no motion to kiss or pet him, as another woman would have done. Schiff, observing the two together so, had a sick feeling about the heart at thought of the unpleasant man whose ragged carpet-slippers had just trodden that delicate dream to dust, and muttered "Ach!" below his breath and polished his spectacles.

"We shall finish to-day," said the artist quietly, and seated herself at the easel, but, noting the shameless door, rose, opened a window of the exposed kitchen, and closed the door somewhat sharply upon the bacon smoke.

Then she returned to her work while Eugen played upon his violin, which was the nearest he could come to posing. But she splintered an unusual number of charcoal sticks, and suddenly as the child began the sober and gentle "Triumerci" cried out with a breaking voice: "Eugen! You mustn't play if I am to draw . . . to-day!"

After that she sat perfectly still for a moment hidden behind her drawing board. At length she composedly bade him take the position again, and the work went on, but not very well, for Eugen was sulky.

"Can't I even practise scales?" he whimpered, and she agreed with a short laugh to that. After two hours, while Mr. Schiff read his Heine, though he seldom turned a page, she rose and faced the drawing about.

"It doesn't please me, but I'm afraid I can't give it more time. It will please them well enough. All they want is something pretty."

"It pleases me," said Schiff. "I wish I might have one for myself also. I should like very much that you should make another for me—and please yourself with it, instead of the magazine people. He will never again be so beautiful as he is this winter," he added in a hushed voice. They both looked long at Eugen, who was flattening his nose against the window watching a tumult of fire-engines on their way to the river-front.

"He is beautiful," said the artist; "yes—I should like to draw him—just for the love of it." She hesitated and continued shyly: "I—I like children."

"I had an interesting conversation," said Mr. Schiff, "with Mr. Marvin."

She turned pale and red, opened her lips to speak, then shut them with an odd smile.

"I—was glad," said he, very unhappy and lying, as one ethically may, about his state of mind—"I was glad to know that there was some one to—to look out for you."

"To look out for me!"

"Ladies," he bowed as well as his waist-line would let him, "ladies should not be required to have a head for business."

He knew this to be the deliberate touching of a wound, but he wanted her to cry out and either verify his diagnosis or contradict it—though it was difficult to see how a contradiction was possible.

She spoke, however, without resentment, as though used to the criticism, but there was a kind of dreary amusement in her manner. "Mr. Marvin says I have no head for business," she admitted.

He showed her the sketches. "I bought these of him, but I would like you to look them over and make sure there is none you would prefer to keep. Besides, they are not all signed."

"You bought them—of him?"

Her tone made it plain enough that the fellow had no business to sell them, but there was pleasure with the dismay in her face, none the less. The crudest of all, an ill-drawn, labored picture of a young man drawing a little girl on a sled held her serious attention longest.

"He sold you—this? But it doesn't matter. Mr. Schiff, you have chosen everything I most prized . . . and I am glad you have done so. I am glad that you—and Eugen should have them. These, like those fairy drawings that Eugen is devoted to, were done before I studied, and, of course, they are very bad—worthless, I suppose—yet, in a way, they are better than I can do now. I suppose because I enjoyed doing them so, and didn't think of money in connection with them."

She wrote her name on their corners. Schiff read the signature, "Letitia B. Marvin," and remarked: "But these should have been signed with your maiden name."

"My maiden name?" She looked up in surprise.

"Since they were done when you were a young girl," he smiled. "You weren't Letitia Marvin when you made them, you know," he explained as she continued

to stare. A sudden anger leaped up and burnt her cheeks ashy.

Seeing from his astonished eyes how strange her face must be, she stepped quickly to the window and stood there beside Eugen, looking out but not at all aware of the opalescent smoke that marked the great fire.

"Mrs. Marvin," said Schiff's kindly voice at her ear, "I have to make you a very great apology, but in order to explain myself fully I should have to be ruder than I have been already. I will say only that I am a foolish old Dutchman—for so your countrymen characterize mine when they are out of patience with us—who dreamed a little dream, and was ill-tempered when he



"Besides, they are not all signed"

found out how it was a dream, indeed. I know that you have great trouble. I knew that when I first saw your face. I—do not know what that trouble is. It is not any business of mine. There is much trouble in the world. Sometimes I think the pain of the spectator must be almost as great as that of the sufferer." He breathed deeply. "I—I bid you good afternoon, Mrs. Marvin. And the little pictures, they shall be to me as gold."

Her hand was hanging limply at her side. She felt it grasped warmly and firmly, then the light touch of his mustache upon it, and a hardly audible whisper—"Leb' wohl!"

"Komm, mein Sohn." And when the door closed after them both she had not spoken. One can not when the tears are too heavy and hot in the throat. . . .



And the prodigy fell asleep directly

The color died out of the west and Jersey lights twinkled through the haze; in the street the arc lights hissed and fluttered and the fire horses came back with their jangling burdens, but still Letitia stood at the window. She did not stir from it until a shuffling step and the rattle of a latch-key announced the return of her business manager. A strong odor of whisky preceded him, and he bore packages in his arms like a Santa Claus.

"There," said he, "see what comes of having a little

business common sense. Fifty dollars to the good and you'd have let the chance walk right by you."

"Very well. Where is the money?"

"I have borrowed some. How lucky it is, by the way, that our penmanship is exactly alike! The old muff gave me a check, so I had to forge it."

"I see. . . ."

"But I got you some things you need to pay you for being a good girl and letting your old Buddy have some dough. Here is a bottle of fine old port. You need a tonic. And a box of Huyler's. These other things are my own supplies. If I've got to lie up here very long and wait for another job, I may as well stock

up with cigarettes and a few bottles of whisky at the start. It's less expensive than running to the corner every few minutes. I got a pack of cards for solitaire, he flung the little package on the table—and with cigarettes, a bottle at my elbow and a pack of cards, I can be as snug as a bug in a rug here, and won't be in the way of your work at all."

"Have you tried to get work to-day?"

"No," he said indifferently, sweeping a table clear of art materials and setting it with his cards, bottle, and cigarettes as he had described. "I thought I'd take a rest to-day and start fresh to-morrow. That fifty will tide me over all right. I can cook my breakfasts and luncheons here and go out to restaurants for dinner. Oh, everything is turning out all right. If I don't worry why should you? But then, you always worried. Women do, I never do. Thank Heaven, I'm a philosopher."

He spread out his cards, poured himself a glass of whisky, lit a cigarette, and became lost to everything but the business in hand.

"Why did you tell Mr. Schiff that you were my husband?" she broke in harshly upon his content.

"Eh? Oh, that!" he chuckled amiably as he flicked his cigarette ashes on the floor. "I didn't tell him so, but he said

'your wife' and what was the use of contradicting him? . . . And the red ten on the Jack of Spades, and both of them go over to the Queen of Diamonds. . . . Shucks! that hasn't made you grouchy, I hope? But women never have a sense of humor. What difference does it make, anyhow? Brother or husband, it's no business of that old German pussy-cat with his corporation and his Kaiserliche mustache and his pompadour and his spectacles. Here's to his health!" He emptied his glass and refilled it, jauntily. "For to-night we'll merry, merry be. . . ."

This stuff would do you good, Sour-face." He rose unsteadily and started toward her with hospitable intent, but she was hurrying on her coat and hat, and as the glass touched her lips pushed it away so that it fell on the floor. He seemed to think it was his own carelessness that caused the downfall and was still benevolently apologizing when she closed the door upon him and rang for the elevator.

"Oh, who would have thought—who would have thought!" she was crying inwardly—"and he is all I have. Oh, who would have thought it when we were children together . . . and yet . . . yes . . . he was selfish and lazy then, but so were other boys . . . Oh, mother, mother, what would you do with your children to-day?"

AND so Bertie was thoroughly installed in the center of things. As the cleaning woman came but once a week, and his sister must needs spend even more time at her bread earning than before he came, the studio took on a neglected air begotten of widely scattered cigarette ashes and stubs, torn fragments of cards, verse in the agonies of being rined, greasy neckties hung over chair backs, and empty whisky bottles shining darkly in unsuspected corners where the touch of a foot sent them rolling.

Under the circumstances it was impossible to have models coming to the studio. The artist made one despairing attempt to have her brother pose, but had to give it up, as she had given it up many times before under similar circumstances.

It made him tired, he said; besides, he was out of sympathy with that sort of "commercial work." "Draw me as I am," he suggested helpfully; "if you must draw, take things as you see them," and she bitterly took him at his word as he sat over his solitaire, but the thing was so hideous and well-done that when it was finished she lacked the heart to show it to him—for he was all she had on earth—and tore it up instead.

A thick Christmas snow was making the air gray. When it grew so dark that Bertie could not tell a Jack from a King he rose with a yawn, and taking a broken old chair that his sister had bought for its delicate lines and used in many an illustration, began to break it up to make a fire. She turned at the sound, from her somber stare at the snow, but made no objection. When the whole world crumbles under your feet, what is the use of trying to save a superannuated chair from the wreckage?

"This is a pretty good imitation of comfort," said

(Continued on page 19)

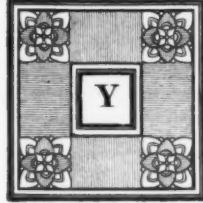
# The SCREAMINGS

The Conclusion of a Two-part Story Recording the Odd Death of the Physician's Wife

By F. MARION CRAWFORD



"With an old friend one forgets all about that thing upstairs"



## Part II

YOU want to know whether I stayed in the room till daybreak? Yes, but I kept a light burning and sat up smoking and reading, most likely out of fright; plain, undeniable fear, and you need not call it cowardice either, for that's not the same thing. I could not have stayed alone with that thing in the cupboard; I should have been scared to death, though I'm not more timid than other people. Confound it all, man, it had crossed the road alone, and had got up the doorstep and had knocked to be let in.

When the dawn came I put on my boots and went out to find the band-box. I had to go a good way round, by the gate near the highroad, and I found the box open and hanging on the other side of the hedge. It had caught on the twigs by the string, and the lid had fallen off and was lying on the ground below it. That shows that it did not open till it was well over; and if it had not opened as soon as it left my hand, what was inside it must have gone beyond the road too.

That's all. I took the box upstairs to the cupboard, and put the skull back and locked it up. When the girl brought me my breakfast she said she was sorry, but that she must go, and she did not care if she lost her month's wages. I looked at her, and her face was a sort of greenish, yellowish white. I pretended to be surprised, and asked what was the matter; but that was of no use, for she just turned on me and wanted to know whether I meant to stay in a haunted house, and how long I expected to live if I did, for, though she noticed I was sometimes a little hard of hearing, she did not believe that even I could sleep through those screams again—and if I could, why had I been moving about the house and opening and shutting the front door between three and four in the morning? There was no answering that, since she had heard me, so off she went, and I was left to myself. I went down to the village during the morning and found a woman who was willing to come and do the little work there is and cook my dinner, on condition that she might go home every night. As for me, I moved downstairs that day, and I have never tried to sleep in the best bedroom since. After a little while I got a brace of middle-aged Scotch servants from London, and things were quiet enough for a long time. I began by telling them that the house was in a very exposed position, and that the wind whistled round it a good deal in the autumn and winter, which had given it a bad name in the village, the Cornish people being inclined to superstition and telling ghost stories. The two hard-faced, sandy-haired sisters almost smiled, and they answered with great contempt that they had no great opinion of any Southron boggy whatever, having been in service in two English haunted houses, where they had never seen so much as the Boy in Gray, whom they reckoned no very particular rarity in Forfarshire.

They stayed with me several months, and, while they were in the house, we had peace and quiet. One of them is here again now, but she went away with her sister within

the year. This one—she was the cook—married the sexton, who works in my garden. That's the way of it. It's a small village, and he has not much to do, and he knows enough about flowers to help me nicely, besides doing most of the hard work; for, though I'm fond of exercise, I'm getting a little stiff in the hinges. He's a sober, silent sort of fellow, who minds his own business, and he was a widower when I came here—Trehearn is his name, James Trehearn. The Scotch sisters would not admit that there was anything wrong about the house, but when November came they gave me warning that they were going, on the ground that the chapel was such a long walk from here, being in the next parish, and that they could not possibly go to our church. But the younger one came back in the spring, and as soon as the banns could be published she was married to James Trehearn by the vicar, and she seems to have had no scruples about hearing him preach since then. I'm quite satisfied, if she is! The couple live in a small cottage that looks over the churchyard.

I suppose you are wondering what all this has to do with what I was talking about. I'm alone so much that when an old friend comes to see me, I sometimes go on talking just for the sake of hearing my own voice. But in this case there is really a connection of ideas. It was James Trehearn who buried poor Mrs. Pratt, and her husband after her in the same grave, and it's not far from the back of his cottage. That's the connection in my mind, you see. It's plain enough. He knows something; I'm quite

sure that he does, by his manner, though he's such a reticent beggar.

Yes, I'm alone in the house at night now, for Mrs. Trehearn does everything herself, and when I have a friend the sexton's niece comes in to wait on the table. He takes his wife home every evening in winter, but in summer, when there's light, she goes by herself. She's not a nervous woman, but she's less sure than she used to be that there are no bogies in England worth a Scotchwoman's notice. Isn't it amusing, the idea that Scotland has a monopoly of the supernatural? Odd sort of national pride, I call that, don't you?

That's a good fire, isn't it? When driftwood gets started at last there's nothing like it, I think. Yes, we get lots of it, for, I'm sorry to say, there are still a great many wrecks about here. It's a lonely coast, and you may have all the wood you want for the trouble of bringing it in. Trehearn and I borrow a cart now and then, and load it between here and the Spit. I hate a coal fire when I can get wood of any sort. A log is company, even if it's only a piece of a deck beam or timber sawn off, and the salt in it makes pretty sparks. See how they fly, like Japanese hand-fireworks! Upon my word, with an old friend and a good fire and a pipe, one forgets all about that thing upstairs, especially now that the wind has moderated. It's only a hull, though, and it will blow a gale before morning.

You think you would like to see the skull? I've no objection. There's no reason why you shouldn't have a look at it, and you never saw a more perfect one in your life, except that there are two front teeth missing in the lower jaw.

Oh, yes—I had not told you about the jaw yet. Trehearn found it in the garden last spring when he was digging a pit for a new asparagus bed. You know we make asparagus beds six or eight feet deep here. Yes, yes—I had forgotten to tell you that. He was digging straight down, just as he digs a grave; if you want a good asparagus bed made, I advise you to get a sexton to make it for you. Those fellows have a wonderful knack at that sort of digging.

Trehearn had got down about three feet when he cut into a mass of white lime in the side of the trench. He had noticed that the earth was a little looser there, though he says it had not been disturbed for a number of years. I suppose he thought that even old lime might not be good for asparagus, so he broke it out and threw it up. It was pretty hard, he says, in bigish lumps, and, out of sheer force of habit, he cracked the lumps with his spade as they lay outside the pit beside him; the jawbone of a skull dropped out of one of the pieces. He thinks he must have knocked out the two front teeth in breaking up the lime, but he did not see them anywhere. He's a very experienced man in such things, as you may imagine, and he said at once that the jaw had probably belonged to a young woman and that the teeth had been complete when she died. He brought it to me and asked me if I wanted to keep it; if I did not, he said he would drop it into the next grave he made in the churchyard, as he supposed it was a Christian jaw and ought to have decent burial, wherever the rest of the body might be. I told him that doctors often put bones into quicklime to whiten them nicely, and that I supposed Dr. Pratt had once had a little lime pit

in the garden for that purpose and had forgotten the jaw. Trehearn looked at me quietly.

"Maybe it fitted that skull that used to be in the cupboard upstairs, sir," he said. "Maybe Dr. Pratt had put the skull into the lime to clean it, or something, and when he took it out he left the lower jaw behind. There's some human hair sticking in the lime, sir."

I saw there was, and that was what Trehearn said. He did not suspect something, why in the world should he have suggested that the jaw might fit the skull? Besides, it did. That's proof that he knows more than he cares to tell. Do you suppose he looked before she was buried? Or perhaps—when he buried Luke in the same grave—

Well, well, it's of no use to go over that, is it? I said I would keep the jaw with the skull, and I took it upstairs and fitted it into its place. There's not the slightest doubt about the two belonging together, and together they are.

Trehearn knows several things. We were talking about plastering the kitchen a while ago, and he happened to remember that it had not been done since the very week when Mrs. Pratt died. He did not say that the mason must have left some lime on the place, but he thought it, and that it was the very same lime he had found in the asparagus pit. He knows a lot. Trehearn is one of your silent beggars, who can put two and two together. That grave is very near the back of his cottage, too, and he's one of the quickest men with a spade I ever saw. If he wanted to know the truth, he could, and no one else would ever be the wiser unless he chose to tell. In a quiet village like ours, people don't go and spend the night in the churchyard to see whether the sexton potters about by himself between ten o'clock and daylight.

What is awful to think of is Luke's deliberation, if he did it; his cool certainty that no one would find him out; above all, his nerve, for that must have been extraordinary. I sometimes think it's bad enough to live in the place where it was done if it really was done. I always put in the condition, you see, for the sake of his memory, and a little bit for my own sake, too.

I'll go upstairs and fetch the box in a minute. Let me light my pipe; there's no hurry! We had supper early, and it's only half-past nine o'clock. I never let a friend go to bed before twelve, or with less than three glasses—you may have as many more as you like, but you shan't have less, for the sake of old times.

It's breezing up again, do you hear? That was only a hull just now, and we are going to have a bad night.

A thing happened that made me start a little when I found that the jaw fitted exactly. I'm not very easily startled in that way myself, but I have seen people make a quick movement, drawing their breath sharply, when they had thought they were alone and suddenly turned and saw some one very near them. Nobody can call that fear. You wouldn't, would you? No. Well, just when I had set the jaw in its place under the skull, the teeth closed sharply on my finger. It felt exactly as if it were biting me hard, and I confess that I jumped before I realized that I had been pressing the jaw and the skull together with my other hand. I assure you I was not at all nervous. It was broad daylight, too, and a fine day, and the sun was streaming into the best bedroom. It would have been absurd to be nervous, and it was only a quick mistaken impression, but it really made me feel queer. Somehow it made me think of the funny verdict of the coroner's jury on Luke's death, "by the hand or teeth of some person or animal unknown." Ever since that I've wished I had seen those marks on his throat, though the lower jaw was missing then.

I have often seen a man do insane things with his hands that he does not realize at all. I once saw a man hanging on by an old awning stop with one hand, leaning backward, outboard, with all his weight on it, and he was just cutting the stop with the knife in his other hand when I got my arms round him. We were in mid-ocean, going twenty knots. He had not the smallest idea what he was doing; neither had I when I managed to pinch my finger between the teeth of that thing. I can feel it now. It was exactly as if it were alive and were trying to bite me. It would if it could, for I know it hates me, poor thing! Do you suppose that what rattles about inside is really a bit of lead? Well, I'll get the box down presently, and if what ever it is happens to drop out into your hands that's your affair. If it's only a clod of earth or a pebble the whole matter would be off my mind, and I don't believe I should ever think of the skull again; but somehow I can not bring myself to shake out the bit of hard stuff myself. The mere idea that it may be lead makes me confoundedly uncomfortable, yet I've got the conviction that I shall know before long. I shall certainly know. I'm sure, Trehearn knows, but he's such a silent beggar.

I'll go upstairs now, and get it. What? You had better go with me? Ha, ha! do you think I'm afraid of a band-box and a noise? Nonsense!

Bother the candle, it won't light! As if the ridiculous thing understood what it's wanted for! Look at that—the third match. They light fast enough for my pipe. There, do you see? It's a fresh box, just out of the tin safe where I keep the supply on account of the dampness. Oh, you think the wick of the candle may be damp, do you? All right, I'll light the beastly thing in the fire. That won't go out, at all events. Yes, it sputters a bit, but it will keep lighted now. It burns just like any other

candle, doesn't it? about here, have a way flame that's their going it will be long really is rather You think lamp, do you the truth, always thought if you do, candles by the You may



# THE GHOST SKULL

the Physician's Wife, and What Followed

W. FORD

candle, doesn't it? The fact is, candles are not very good about here. I don't know where they come from, but they have a way of burning low, occasionally, with a greenish flame that spits tiny sparks, and I'm often annoyed by their going out of themselves. It can not be helped, for it will be long before we have electricity in our village. It really is rather a poor light, isn't it?

You think I had better leave you the candle and take the lamp, do you? I don't like to carry lamps about, that's the truth. I never dropped one in my life, but I have always thought I might, and it's so confoundingly dangerous if you do. Besides, I am pretty well used to these rotten candles by this time.

You may as well finish that glass while I'm getting it,

for I don't mean to let you off with less than three before you go to bed. You won't have to go upstairs either, for I've put you in the old study next to the surgery—that's where I live myself.

The fact is, I never ask a friend to sleep upstairs now. The last man who did was Crackenthorpe, and he said he was kept awake all night. You remember old Crack, don't you? He stuck to the service, and they've just made him an admiral. Yes, I'm off now—unless the candle goes out. I couldn't help asking if you remembered Crackenthorpe. If any one had told us that the skinny little idiot he used to be was to turn out the most successful of the lot of us, we should have laughed at the idea, shouldn't we? You and I did not do badly, it's true—but I'm really going now. I don't mean to let you think that I've been putting it off by talking! As if there were anything to be afraid of! If I were scared, I should tell you so quite frankly, and get you to go upstairs with me.

HERE'S the box. I brought it down very carefully so as not to disturb it, poor thing. You see, if it were shaken, the jaw might get separated from it again, and I'm sure it wouldn't like that. Yes, the candle went out as I was coming downstairs, but that was the draft from the leaky window on the landing. Did you hear anything? Yes, there was another scream. Am I pale, do you say? That's nothing. My heart is a little queer sometimes, and

I went upstairs too fast. In fact that's one reason why I really prefer to live altogether on the ground floor.

Wherever that shriek came from, it was not from the skull, for I had the box in my hand when I heard the noise, and here it is now; so we have proved definitely that the screams are produced by something else. I've no doubt I shall find out some day what makes them. Some crevice in the wall, of course, or a crack in a chimney, or a chink in the frame of a window. That's the way all ghost stories end, in real life. Do you know? I'm jolly glad I thought of going up and bringing it down for you to see, for that last shriek settles the question. To think that I should have been so weak as to fancy that the poor skull could really cry out like a living thing!

Now I'll open the box, and we'll take it out and look at it under the bright light. It's rather awful to think that the poor lady used to sit there, in your chair, evening after evening, in just this same light, isn't it? But then—I've made up my mind that it's all rubbish from beginning to end, and that it's just an old skull that Luke had when he was a student; and perhaps he put it into the lime merely to whiten it, and could not find the jaw.

I made a seal on the string, you see, after I had put the jaw in its place, and I wrote on the cover. There's the old white label on it still, from the milliner's, addressed to Mrs. Pratt when the hat was sent to her, and as there was room I wrote on the edge: "A skull, once the property of the late Luke Pratt, M.D." I don't quite know why I wrote that, unless it was with the idea of explaining how the thing happened to be in my possession. I can not help wondering sometimes what sort of hat it was that came in the band-box. What color was it, do you think? Was it a gay spring hat with a bobbing feather and pretty ribbons? Strange that the very same box should hold the head that wore the finery—perhaps. No—we made up our minds that it just came from the hospital in London where Luke did his time. It's far better to look at it in that light, isn't it? There's no more connection between that skull and poor Mrs. Pratt than there was between my story about the lead and—

Good Lord! Take the lamp—don't let it go out if you can help it—I'll have the window fastened again in a second—I say, what a gale! There, it's out! I told you so! Never mind, there's the firelight—I've got the window shut; the bolt was only half down. Was the box blown off the table? Where the deuce is it? There! That won't open again, for I've put up the bar. Good dodge, an old-fashioned bar—there's nothing like it. Now, you find the band-box, while I light the lamp. Confound these wretched matches! Yes, a pipe spill is better—it must light in the fire—I hadn't thought of it—thank you—there we are again. Now where's the box? Yes, put it back on the table and we'll open it.

That's the first time I have ever known the wind to burst that window open; but it was partly carelessness on my part when I last shut it. Yes, of course I heard the scream. It seemed to go all round the house before it broke in at the window. That proves that it's always been the wind and nothing else, doesn't it? When it was not the wind it was my imagination. I've always been a very imaginative man; I must have been, though I did not know it. As we grow older we understand ourselves better, don't you know?

I'll have a drop of the Hultskamp neat, by way of an exception, since you are filling up your glass. That damp gust chilled me, and with my rheumatic tendency I'm very much afraid of a chill, for the cold sometimes seems to stick in my joints all winter when it once gets in.

By George, that's good stuff! I'll just light a fresh pipe, now that everything is snug again, and then we'll open the box. I'm so glad we heard that last scream together, with the skull here on the table between us, for a thing can not possibly be in two places at the same time, and the noise most certainly came from outside, as any noise the wind makes must. You thought you heard it scream through the room, after the window was burst open? Oh, yes, so did I, but that was natural enough, when everything was open. Of course we heard the wind. What could one expect?

Look here, please. I want you to see that the seal is intact, before we open the box together. Will you take my glasses? No, you have your own. All right. The seal is sound, you see, and you can read the words of the motto easily. "Sweet and low"—that's it—because the poem goes on "Wind of the Western Sea" and says "blow him again to me," and all that. Here is the seal on my watch-chain, where it's hung for more than forty years. My poor little wife gave it to me when I was courting, and I never had any other. It was just like her to think of those words—she was always fond of Tennyson.

It's of no use to cut the string, for it's fastened to the box, so I'll just break the wax and untie the knot, and afterward we'll seal it up again. You see, I like to feel that the thing is safe in its place and that nobody can take it out. Not that I should suspect Trehearn of meddling with it, but I always feel that he knows a lot more than he tells.

You see, I've managed it without breaking the string, though when I fastened it I never expected to open the band-box again. The lid comes off easily enough. There! Now look!

What? Nothing in it! Empty! It's gone, man, the skull is gone!!

NO, THERE'S nothing the matter with me. I'm only trying to collect my thoughts. It's so strange. I'm positively certain that it was inside when I put on the seal last spring. I can't have imagined that; it's utterly impossible. If I ever took a stiff glass with a friend now and then, I would admit that I might have made some idiotic mistake when I had taken too much. But I don't, and I never did. A pint of ale at supper and half a go of rum at bedtime was the most I ever took in my good days. I believe it's always we sober fellows who get rheumatism and gout! Yet there was my seal, and there is the empty band-box. That's plain enough.

I say, I don't half like this. It's not right. There's



M. G. BRACKER

"What? . . . It's gone, man, the skull is gone!!"

something wrong about it, in my opinion. You needn't talk to me about supernatural manifestations, for I don't believe in them, not a little bit! Somebody must have tampered with the seal and stolen the skull. Sometimes, when I go out to work in the garden in summer, I leave my watch and chain on the table. Trehearn must have taken the seal then and used it, for he would be quite sure that I should not come in for at least an hour.

If it was not Trehearn—oh, don't talk to me about the possibility that the thing has got out by itself! If it has, it must be somewhere about the house, in some out-of-the-way corner, waiting. We may come upon it anywhere, waiting for us, don't you know?—just waiting in the dark. Then it will scream at me; it will shriek at me in the dark, for it hates me. I tell you!

The band-box is quite empty. We are not dreaming, either of us. There, I turn it upside down.

What's that? Something fell out as I turned it over. It's on the floor; it's near your feet; I know it is, and we must find it! Help me to find it, man. Have you got it? For God's sake, give it to me quickly!

Lead! I knew it when I heard it fall; I knew it couldn't be anything else by the little thud it made on the hearth rug. So it was lead after all, and Luke did it.

I feel a little bit shaken up—not exactly nervous, you know, but badly shaken up, that's the fact. Anybody would, I should think. After all, you can not say that it's fear of the thing, for I went up and brought it down—at least, I believed I was bringing it down, and that's the same thing, and, by George, rather than give in to such silly nonsense, I'll take the box upstairs again and put it back in its place. It's not that. It's the certainty that the poor little woman came to her end in that way, by my fault, because I told the story. That's what is so dreadful. Somehow I had always hoped that I should never be quite sure of it, but there is no doubting it now. Look at that!

Look at it! That little lump of lead with no particular shape. Think of what it did, man! Doesn't it make you shiver? He gave her something to make her sleep, of course, but there must have been one moment of awful agony. Think of having boiling lead poured into your brain. Think of it. She was dead before she could scream, but only think of—oh!—there it is again—it's just outside—I know it's just outside—I can't keep it out of my head—oh!—oh!

YOU thought I had fainted? No, I wish I had, for it would have stopped sooner. It's all very well to say that it's only a noise, and that a noise never hurt anybody—you're as white as a shroud yourself. There's only one thing to be done if we hope to close an eye to-night. We must find it and put it back into its band-box, and shut it up in the cupboard, where it likes to be. I don't know how it got out, but it wants to get in again. That's why it screams so awfully to-night—it was never so bad as this—never since I first came.

Bury it? Yes, if we can find it, we'll bury it, if it takes us all night. We'll bury it six feet deep and ram down the earth over it, so that it shall never get out again, and if it screams we shall hardly hear it so deep down. Quick, we'll get the lantern and look for it. It can not be far away; I'm sure it's just outside—it was coming in when I shut the window; I know it.

Yes, you're quite right, I'm losing my senses, and I must get hold of myself. Don't speak to me for a minute or two; I'll sit quite still and keep my eyes shut, and repeat something I know. That's the best way.

"Add together the altitude, the latitude, and the polar distance, divide by two and subtract the altitude from the half-sum; then add the logarithm of the secant of the latitude, the cosecant of the polar distance, the cosine of the half-sum and the sine of the half-sum minus the altitude"—there! Don't say that I'm out of my senses, for my memory is all right, isn't it?

Of course, you may say that it's mechanical, and that we never forget the things we learned when we were boys and have used almost every day for a lifetime. But that's the very point. When a man is going crazy, it's the mechanical part of his mind that gets out of order and won't work right; he remembers things that never happened, or he sees things that aren't real, or he hears noises when there is perfect silence. That's not what is the matter with either of us, is it?

Come, we'll get the lantern and go round the house. It's not raining—only blowing like old boots, as we used to say. The lantern is in the cupboard under the stairs in the hall, and I always keep it trimmed, in case of a wreck.

No use to look for the thing? I don't see how you can say that. It was nonsense to talk of burying it, of course, for it doesn't want to be buried; it wants to go back into its band-box and be taken upstairs, poor thing! Trehearn took it out, I know, and made the seal over again. Perhaps he took it to the churchyard, and he may have meant well. I daresay he thought that it would not scream any more if it were quietly laid in consecrated ground, near where it belongs. But it has come home. Yes, that's it. He's not half a bad fellow, Trehearn, and rather religiously inclined, I think. Does not that sound natural, and reasonable, and well meant? He supposed it screamed because it was not decently buried—with the rest. But he was wrong. How should he know that it screams at me because it hates me and because it's my fault that there was that little lump of lead in it.

No use to look for it, anyhow? Nonsense! I tell you

it wants to be found—hark! What's that knocking? Do you hear it? Knock—knock—knock—three times, then a pause, and then again. It has a hollow sound, hasn't it?

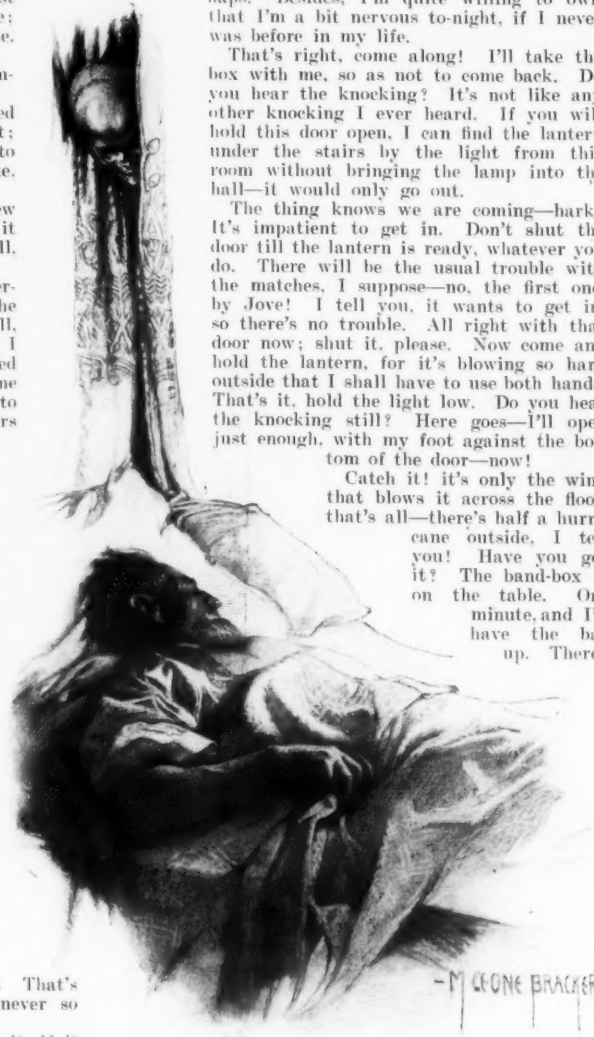
It has come home. I've heard that knock before. It wants to come in and be taken upstairs, in its box. It's at the front door.

Will you come with me? I'll take it in. Yes, I own that I don't like to go alone and open the door. The thing will roll in and stop against my foot, just as it did before, and the light will go out. I'm a good deal shaken by finding that bit of lead, and, besides, my heart isn't quite right—too much strong tobacco, perhaps. Besides, I'm quite willing to own that I'm a bit nervous to-night, if I never was before in my life.

That's right, come along! I'll take the box with me, so as not to come back. Do you hear the knocking? It's not like any other knocking I ever heard. If you will hold this door open, I can find the lantern under the stairs by the light from this room without bringing the lamp into the hall—it would only go out.

The thing knows we are coming—hark! It's impatient to get in. Don't shut the door till the lantern is ready, whatever you do. There will be the usual trouble with the matches, I suppose—no, the first one, by Jove! I tell you, it wants to get in, so there's no trouble. All right with that door now; shut it, please. Now come and hold the lantern, for it's blowing so hard outside that I shall have to use both hands. That's it, hold the light low. Do you hear the knocking still? Here goes—I'll open just enough, with my foot against the bottom of the door—now!

Catch it! it's only the wind that blows it across the floor, that's all—there's half a hurricane outside, I tell you! Have you got it? The band-box is on the table. One minute, and I'll have the bar up. There!



"By the hands or teeth of some person unknown"

Why did you throw it into the box so roughly? It doesn't like that, you know.

What do you say? Bitten your hand? Nonsense, man! You did just what I did. You pressed the jaws together with your other hand and pinched yourself. Let me see. You don't mean to say you have drawn blood? You must have squeezed hard, by Jove, for the skin is certainly torn. I'll give you some carbolic solution for it before we go to bed, for they say a scratch from a skull's tooth may go bad and give trouble.

Come inside again and let me see it by the lamp. I'll bring the band-box—never mind the lantern, it may just as well burn in the hall, for I shall need it presently when I go up the stairs. Yes, shut the door if you will; it makes it more cheerful and bright. Is your finger still bleeding? I'll get you the carbolic in an instant; just let me see the thing.

Ugh! There's a drop of blood on the upper jaw. It's on the eye tooth. Ghastly, isn't it? When I saw it running along the floor of the hall, the strength almost went out of my hands, and I felt my knees bending; then I understood that it was the gale driving it over the smooth boards. You don't blame me? No, I should think not! We were boys together, and we've seen a thing or two, and we may just as well own to each other that we were both in a beastly funk when it slid across the floor at you. No wonder you pinched your finger picking it up, after that, if I did the same thing out of sheer nervousness in broad daylight, with the sun streaming in on me.

Strange that the jaw should stick to it so closely, isn't it? I suppose it's the dampness, for it shuts like a vise—I have wiped off the drop of blood, for it was not nice to look at. I'm not going to try to open the jaws, don't be afraid! I shall not play any trick with the poor thing, but I'll just seal the box again, and we'll take it upstairs and put it away where it wants to be. The wax is on the writing table by the window. Thank you. It will be long before I leave my seal lying about again, for Trehearn to use. I can tell you. Explain? I don't explain natural phenomena, but if you choose to think that Trehearn had hidden it somewhere in the bushes, and that the gale blew it to the house, against the door, and made it knock, as if it wanted to be let in, you're not thinking the impossible, and I'm quite ready to agree with you.

Do you see that? You can swear that you've actually seen me seal it this time, in case anything of the kind should occur again. The wax fastens the strings to the lid, which can not possibly be lifted, even enough to get in one finger. You're quite satisfied, aren't you? Yes. Besides, I shall lock the cupboard and keep the key in my pocket hereafter.

Now we can take the lantern and go upstairs. Do you know? I'm very much inclined to agree with your theory that the wind blew it against the house. I'll go ahead, for I know the stairs; just hold the lantern near my feet as we go up. How the wind howls and whistles! Did you feel the sand on the floor under your shoes as we crossed the hall?

Yes—this is the door of the best bedroom. Hold up the lantern, please. This side, by the head of the bed. I left the cupboard open when I got the box. Isn't it queer how the faint odor of women's dresses will hang about an old closet for years? This is the shelf. You've seen me set the box there, and now you see me turn the key and put it into my pocket. So that's done!

GOOD NIGHT. Are you sure you're quite comfortable? It's not much of a room, but I daresay you would as soon sleep here as upstairs to-night. If you want anything, sing out; there's only a lath and plaster partition between us. There's not so much wind on this side, by half. There's the Hollands, on the table, if you'll have one more night-cap. No? Well, do as you please. Good night again, and don't dream about that thing if you can help it.

The following paragraph appeared in the Penraddon "News," November 23, 1906:

*Mysterious Death of a Retired Sea Captain*—The village of Tredcombe is much disturbed by the strange death of Captain Charles Braddock, and all sorts of impossible stories are circulating with regard to the circumstances, which certainly seem difficult of explanation. The retired Captain, who had successfully commanded in his time the largest and fastest liners belonging to one of the principal transatlantic steamship companies, was found dead in his bed on Tuesday morning in his own cottage, a quarter of a mile from the village. An examination was made at once by the local practitioner, which revealed the horrible fact that the deceased had been bitten in the throat by a human assailant with such amazing force as to crush the wind-pipe and cause death. The marks of the teeth of both jaws were so plainly visible on the skin that they could be counted, but the perpetrator of the deed had evidently lost the two lower middle incisors. It is hoped that this peculiarity may help to identify the murderer, who can only be a dangerous escaped maniac. The deceased, though over sixty-five years of age, is said to have been a hale man of considerable physical strength, and it is remarkable that no signs of any struggle were visible in the room, nor could it be ascertained how the murderer had entered the house. Warning has been sent to all the insane asylums in the United Kingdom, but as yet no information has been received regarding the escape of any dangerous patient.

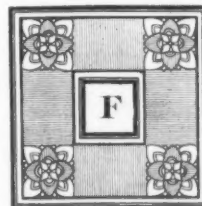
The coroner's jury returned the somewhat singular verdict that Captain Braddock came to his death "by the hands or teeth of some person unknown." The local surgeon is said to have expressed privately the opinion that the maniac is a woman, a view he deduces from the small size of the jaws, as shown by the marks of the teeth. The whole affair is shrouded in mystery. Captain Braddock was a widower and lived alone. He leaves no children.

[NOTE—Students of ghost lore and haunted houses will find the foundation of the foregoing story in the legends about a skull which is still preserved in the farmhouse called Bettiscombe Manor, situated, I believe, on the Dorsetshire coast.—F. M. C.]

## "Sets" in a Kansas Town

Social Groups that Give Character to a Western State Capital of 40,000 Population

By JAY E. HOUSE



FOR convenience' sake we classify society in our town into three groups. The first, or cut-glass set, is the arbiter of social destiny and the apex toward which every climber toils. Why, nobody seems to know. The hallmark of the cut-glassers is not different from that of the painted-china folk, the next step downward in the social scale, nor of that of the solid-silver set, which is made up of those who have money and oftentimes family, but who can not, to save their lives, make land in either cut-glass or painted-china circles. Getting into the cut-glass set is not a matter of recipe or formula. Granted a "dress suit," a dinner jacket, and an ability to wait patiently, and any presentable man may attempt it with fair show of success. A college fraternity pin improves his chances.

The women find it harder sledding, but it is a matter of local record that one young woman who worked downtown on a salary of fifty dollars, and who had neither family connection nor influential friends to smooth the way, reached the top in two years by dint of sheer cleverness. And yet our lines of social demarcation, coiled so loosely in places, are drawn so tightly in others that the family of no Governor or other State dignitary has ever been able to make a place for itself inside.



## Collier's

Money counts for little, when you come to reckon up the social assets of a family. With \$1,500 a year life may be very comfortable. On this not extravagant income one may keep a wife in comfort and rear and educate the average-sized brood of children. On \$1,500 one may live in a detached cottage bordered with green grass. He may bathe in a porcelain tub and exert the householder's unalienable prerogatives of feeding the furnace and watering the grass through the nozzle of a garden hose. He may also belong to a club, entertain occasionally, go to the theater with some frequency, and have money in hand to pay the premium on the life insurance when it falls due. On \$2,000 a year he may keep his own horse at a convenient boarding stable. And on \$3,000 he may mildly cultivate a taste in Oriental rugs.

We are an educated people, and most of our younger folk are college-bred. We are great gadders. So many of us go abroad that the price of a round-trip ticket to Liverpool is a matter of common knowledge, and we have mastered all of the intricacies of foreign travel down to the size of the steward's tip. Should you chance to have gone to Seabreeze or Catalina during the winter you are doubtless already acquainted with some of our best families. You will meet others of our aristocratic folk in the Adirondacks or the Berkshires next summer, although it were well to say that opportunity for personal association with our people is better at Ludington, Michigan, than at either of the places named.

We have been playing bridge for nearly five years, but our game is still amateurish in the sense that we do not play for money. There is always a good deal of "talk" when one of our women shows signs of intoxication at a dinner or a dance, and we are still so prejudiced that only one young woman has shown the hardihood and abandon necessary to smoking in public. We have only one man who wears diamonds with his evening clothes, and the manicure artist, from having once been the fad of a few boys home from school, has become an established and necessary institution.

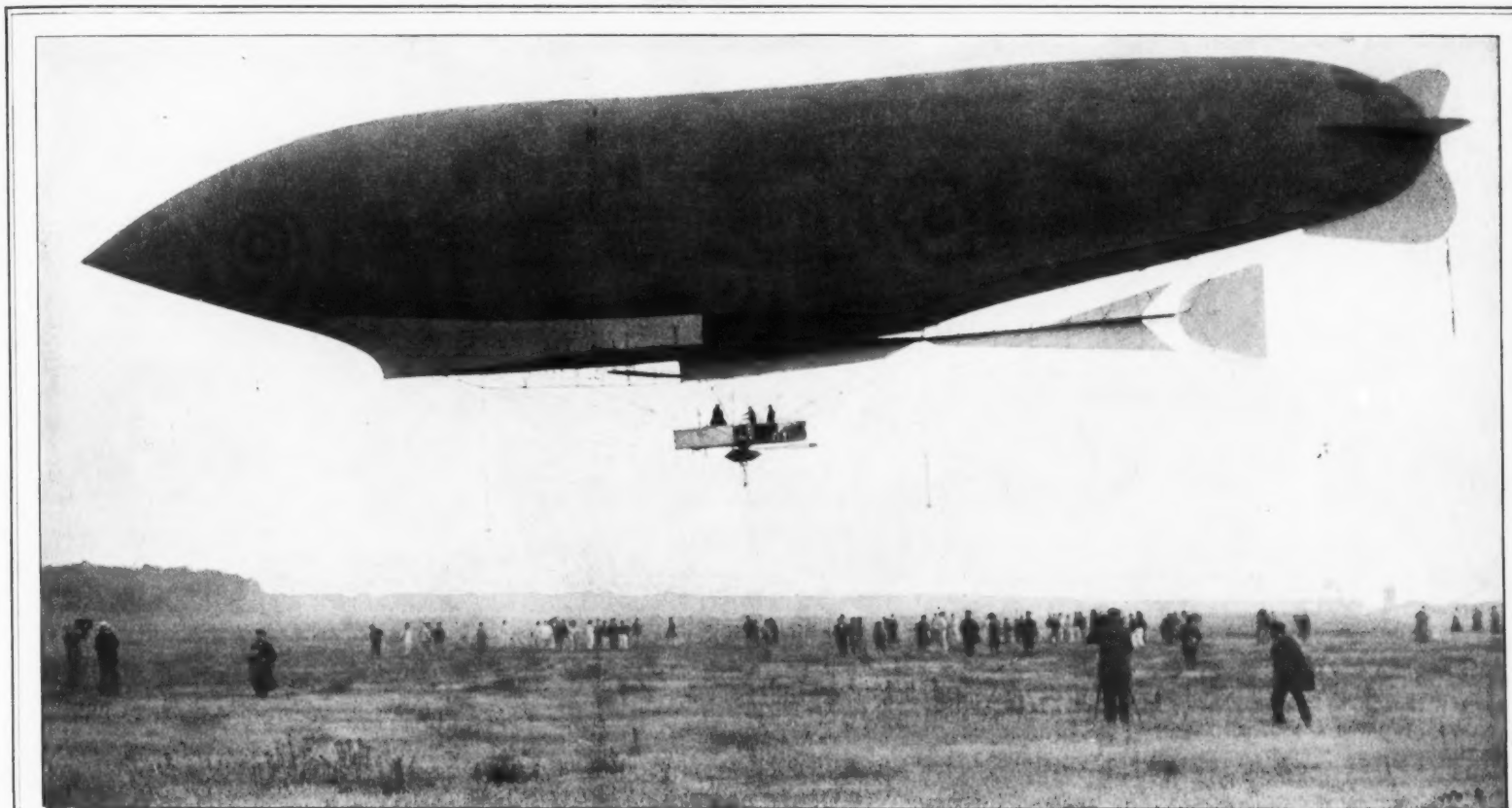
The most popular young woman in the cut-glass set of our town—"young woman" being here used as a synonym for "unmarried"—works downtown as a stenographer at a salary of \$75 a month. She is no longer young, and is neither beautiful nor particularly clever. Being very poor, she often makes one party gown fulfill her sartorial obligations to three or four seasons of social gaiety. But her life has been one of such unselfish devotion, and she has maintained throughout the stress of her battle of twenty years for mere bread and butter such equable poise of mind and heart and such fine fidelity to her womanly ideals, that society deems it an honor to entertain her.

Our next most popular young woman is the Town Heiress. Now on this raw and uncultivated edge of things "heiress" is an elastic term. It may, with reason, be applied to any young woman with expectations as high as \$25,000. But the Town Heiress is pretty sure of half a million and may have much more. The Town

Heiress, although not surpassingly beautiful, is comely enough, and she is young. She has a beautiful home in which she entertains splendidly and in good taste. And yet her popularity is due to none of these things. It is a tribute rather to her fine common sense and her unaffected attitude toward the less fortunate people about her.

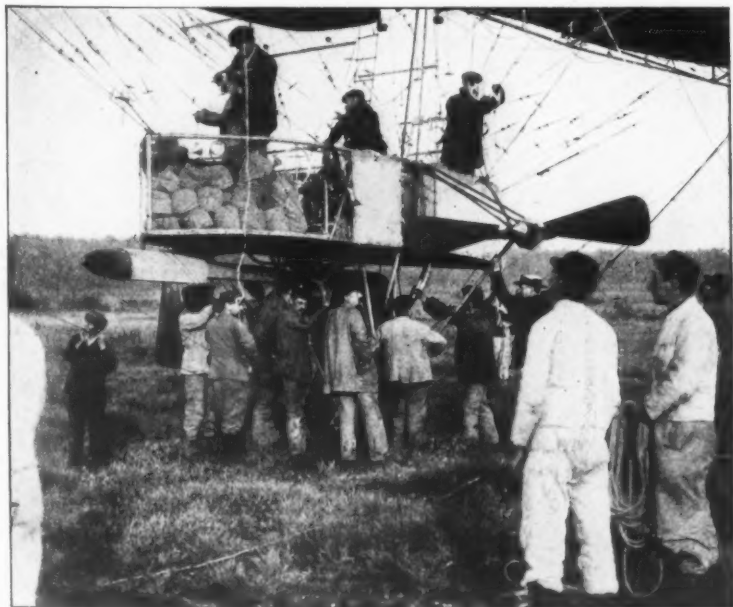
Beyond the borders of the cut-glass, painted-china, and solid-silver sets, of course, are people who give character to our town. Perhaps the most noted person in our town is a preacher who carries literature as a side line. Our preacher-author attracts great audiences when he lectures in London, Boston, or New York, events of frequent occurrence. He has written four or five books, the circulation of one of which ran into the millions of copies and covered portions of three continents. But we do not go to hear him preach and have never read his books. We think him sincere, but poky and dull. Sometimes on our way to the football games on the local athletic field we point out his church to strangers, but this is a matter of habit rather than a manifestation of pride.

Our other most noted person is a baseball player, who connected for twelve consecutive seasons with the pay-roll of the National League. The ball player is neither so scholarly, so unselfish, nor so admirable in his personal habits as is the minister. But his impromptu monologues, delivered from the seat nearest the steam radiator at the drug store, attract large and more enthusiastic audiences than the preacher's sermons.



**The French Military Dirigible Airship "République" Making 50 Kilometers an Hour**

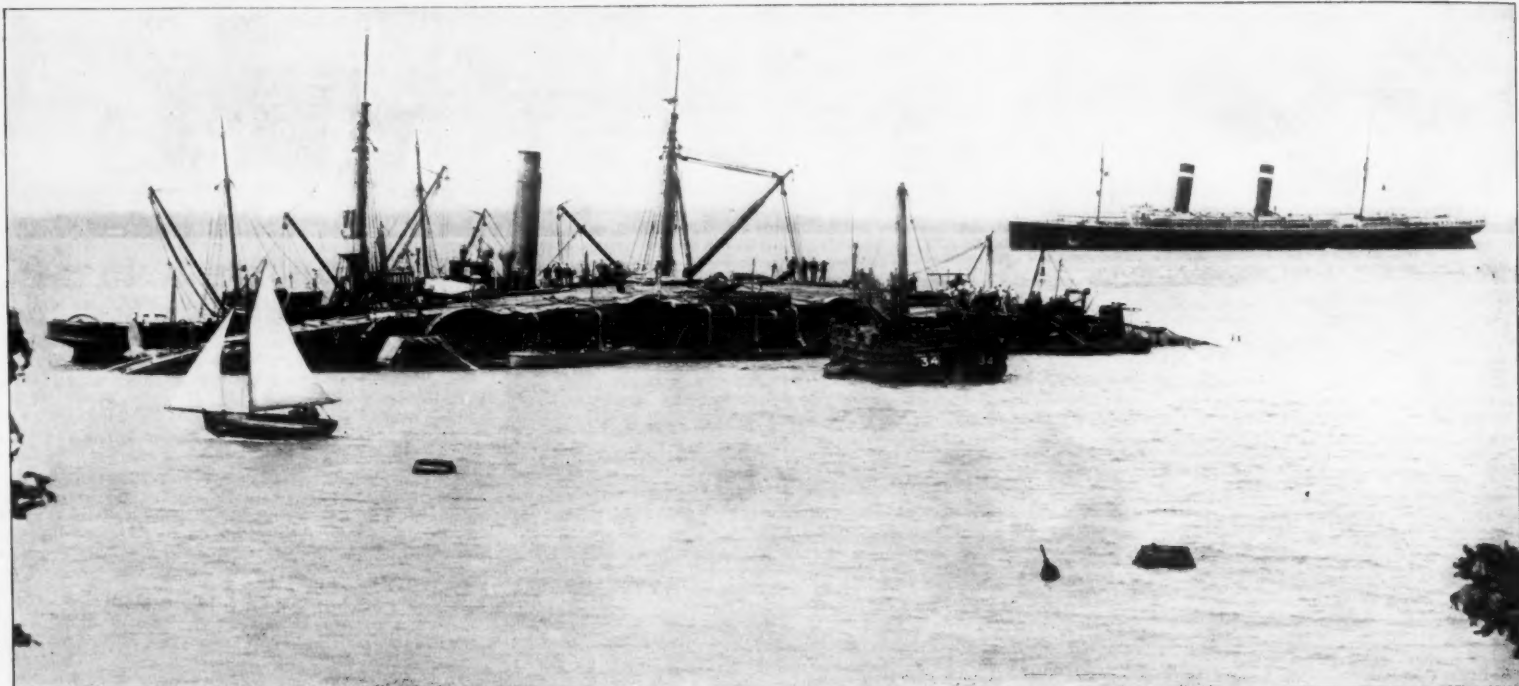
*One more airship has shown that it can both go and come. The "République" on June 24 maintained a height of 300 feet and flew for 35 minutes. Returning to its starting point, it carried a dead weight of 2,800 pounds. It is 328 feet long and is charged for a flight of 300 kilometers without landing*



*Showing the ballasting device on the "République"*



*The Lebaudy Brothers—builders of successful airships*



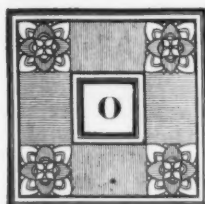
The Wrecker Saluting the Wrecked

On April 25th the American Line steamship "St. Paul" rammed and sank the British cruiser "Gladiator," in the Solent, in a snowstorm. Thirty of the crew of the warship were drowned. An investigation by the British Admiralty relieved the American vessel of all blame. The photograph shows the salvage crews at work in the attempt to raise the "Gladiator." Just as the picture was being taken the "St. Paul" passed down from Southampton on her way to New York, her first voyage since the disaster. Her captain slowed down upon approaching the scene of the wreck, and placed his flags at half mast.

## The Saloon in Our Town

The Balance Sheet in a Small Illinois City—The Second of the Prize-winners in "The Saloon in Our Town" Contest

By FRANK D. SHEETS



OUR town is a city of about 45,000. You will find it on the map of Illinois, in the County of Winnebago—almost due west eighty miles from Chicago. It has two churches each of the Baptist, Catholic, Congregational, and Presbyterian denominations; five of the Methodist Episcopal; one each of the Christian, Evangelical, Liberal, and Lutheran. All the foregoing are English-speaking. It has Baptist, Lutheran, and Methodist Episcopal Swedish-speaking churches. It has a Carnegie library, a memorial hall, public schools, and an up-to-date high school. It has a number of very large factories for the manufacture of desks, furniture, pianos, agricultural implements, gas-stoves, pumps, bolts, screws, locks, cotton machines, harness, hosiery, sewing-machines, mirrors, brass and iron castings, etc.

It has six banks, with an average in their savings accounts of about \$60 per capita, estimating the population at 45,000.

Many of the population are wage-employees in the different factories. One ward is almost entirely Scandinavian. Swedish capital and brains control the furniture business of the city.

### Fifty-three Saloons

WITH this general and introductory statement concerning the type of the city, we come to the "saloon in our own town." There are fifty-three licensed saloons. Their proprietors are unquestionably superior to the average (Chicago) saloon-keepers in their intelligence and respect for, and obedience to, the law. There is little complaint of their breaking the closing and "minor" ordinances. They are probably the best saloons to be found in a city of 45,000 in all the State of Illinois.

Let us consider:

I—The credit side of the city ledger, that is, the amount of money the city of Rockford receives from the saloons.

(1) They pay as license money into the city treasury: 53 saloons at \$1,000 each per annum.....	\$53,000
(2) They pay as wages to two bartenders and one cook: 159 men at \$720 each per annum.....	114,480
(3) They pay as rents for 53 stores at \$1,100 each per annum.....	58,300
(4) They pay for light and heat for 53 stores at \$500 each per annum.....	26,500
Total.....	\$252,280

The above estimates are made on the most careful information attainable. The amount credited as payment for light and heat will undoubtedly cover the personal and real estate taxes paid by the saloons. In

addition to the above, there ought to be credited the amount paid for the free lunch, the bar glassware, and the expenditures of the proprietors and their families.

### What the City Pays

IT WILL be seen that the saloons, admittedly, pay directly to the city \$53,000 and indirectly \$199,280. Of course, it is very apparent that the amount of \$199,280 will be reduced by the sums received for rental of the buildings now occupied by the saloons, if the saloons are made illegal, and by the amount paid for wages, to the total that the saloon employees receive in other business in which they engage. On the presumption (permitted by the experience of other anti-saloon-territory cities) that the buildings used as saloons will be rented, where they are suitable, for other business and the proprietors and saloon employees will find other occupations, it is scarcely fair to credit the saloons with anything more than their direct payment for their licenses to do business.

The only possible difference of opinion as to the foregoing will arise as to the probable rental of vacated buildings and the employment in other vocations of saloon employees.

Let us consider:

II—The debit side of the city ledger, that is, the amount of money the city pays to the saloons, directly and indirectly, to get from them the \$53,000 they pay as licenses and the \$199,280 they pay for wages, rentals, etc. It is apparent, in order to pay their license money, their employees, and their rents, that the saloons must sell enough liquors, at a profit, to earn the money thus paid; viz., \$252,280. Allowing that the saloon industry pays a profit of 50 per cent (if it does not, then, of course, the sales must be larger) it will be plain—

(1) That the city of Rockford pays into the tills of the 53 saloons.....	\$504,560
For 50 per cent of that amount is \$252,280, which the saloons pay for licenses, etc. But no allowance has been made for a profit on the capital invested in the 53 saloons and for the expenses of the saloon proprietor and his family. If this amount is estimated at \$2,000 for each saloon, or \$106,000 for the 53 saloons, it will be plain—	
(2) That the city of Rockford pays into the tills of the 53 saloons an additional.....	\$212,000
For 50 per cent of that amount is \$106,000, which the saloons pay their proprietors for profit, that is:	
(3) The city of Rockford pays directly into the tills of its 53 saloons per annum.....	\$716,560
This amount it pays to receive directly \$53,000, and indirectly (if it does).....	\$199,280

Of course, the amount the city pays into the saloons would be of no importance if what it received back came as partial repayment for something that made for civic righteousness and manhood. \$716,560 would be nothing for 45,000 people to pay per annum to purchase happi-

ness and weal, sobriety and peace! But the saloon business is not carried on for that purpose. A saloon-keeper frankly admitted to the writer very recently that he was in the business for the money he could get out of it; that the people who patronized him must take care of themselves.

It would seem to the most casual thinker that the City Council of Rockford had made a very bad bargain for the people of Rockford when it gives them only \$252,280 for \$716,560. In common parlance, it has handed out a "lemon."

### A Trail of Debts

BUT the debit side of the ledger shows much worse. There were 2,237 arrests in the city during the year 1907. Of these about 1,000 were for drunkenness.

(4) The city of Rockford paid for the necessary police, the police magistrate, the city attorney, and the board in the city jail (where jail sentence was imposed) of these 1,000, less the amount collected in fines. And the city of Rockford paid through its factories and its homes in the loss of efficiency of every man incapacitated for best work by his drunkenness. The amount can not be stated in exact figures. It is easily appreciated.

(5) The city of Rockford paid in the decreased trade of its dry goods and shoe merchants, grocers, butchers, and other tradesmen in the smaller per-capita-savings accounts, and in the purchase of homes, the total amount paid by the patrons of the saloon for beer and whisky. That is, the money expended for liquors did not reach the bank, the tradesmen, or the homes, save that part of it used by the one hundred to two hundred employees and proprietors and their families. That goes without saying.

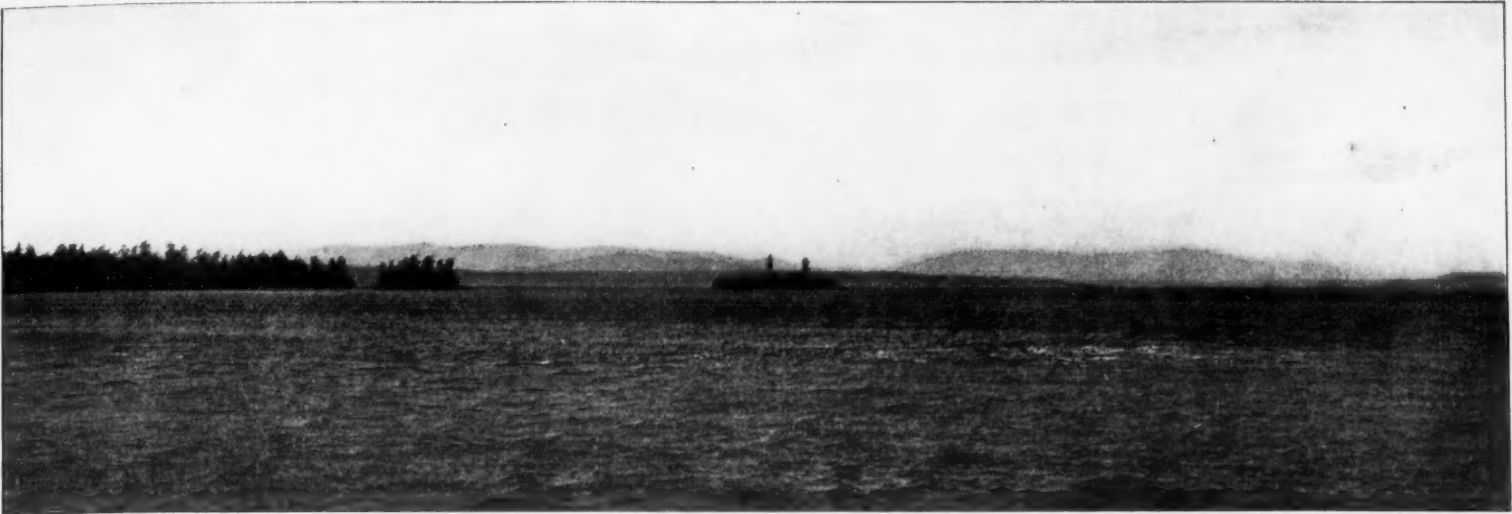
(6) The city of Rockford also paid in the "charity" work necessitated by the intemperate habits of its male wage-earners no small interest on the \$53,000 it got from its saloons.

No effort has been made to state in figures the cost to Rockford in the matters mentioned in paragraphs 4, 5, and 6. It is unnecessary to do so. The profitable existence of saloons to a city to-day is a matter of mathematics. Their cost can be got at almost to a dollar. The aim of this article has been to suggest the method. There is no exaggeration in the estimates. The voter business man, in whatever city he lives, can determine for himself whether the saloon pays. He will find that it does not.

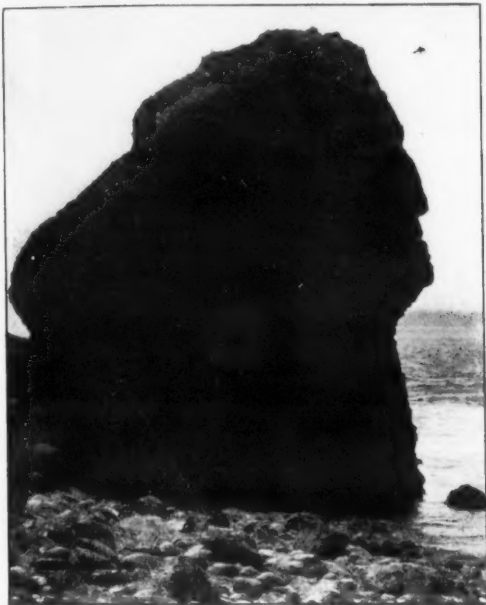
The moral aspect of the saloon is not under consideration. Does it pay the wage-earner, the home-keeper, the taxpayer, the business man, not the exceptional but the average, to vote to license the saloon? If the city of Rockford could levy an additional tax of \$53,000 upon the equalized assessed town value of \$9,226,062 it will lose if it votes out saloons this coming April, it would only increase the individual tax six mills on the dollar. This it can not do, but the tax accretion permissible would be scarcely felt.

"The saloon in our town" from a financial point of view is an octopus.





*Battleship Island—nature's product out of earth and rock. Passing vessels have saluted it under the impression that it was a bona-fide man-of-war*



*The profile of Washington carved by the waves*



*"The Chinaman"—a boulder with a grass hut. It looks like a Chinaman with a rice-bowl on his head*

## A Few of Nature's Freaks



FROM the most northwesterly point of Washington, itself the most northwesterly State in the Union, a likeness of George Washington, chiseled by Nature through a multitude of years, looks out across the water to British territory. This great sculptured rock upon the beach is such a replica of the profile of Washington that it might have been the work of a human hand. Washington rock lies at the water's edge on Waldron Island, the most northwesterly of the San Juan group of islands, to the northward of Puget Sound. British and American forces at one time contended for the possession of these islands.

Not far from Waldron Island, Nature has become a shipbuilder, and has raised an island out of the water that looks so like a modern battleship, even to the fighting-tops, that passing vessels, not knowing it to be of earth and rock, have often been known to salute with their whistles what they supposed was a majestic representative of the American navy. Battleship Island, or, as it is sometimes called, Mores Island, is located at the entrance of the Straits de Hara, the main channel between Vancouver Island and the San Juan group.

The tides have performed another queer feat in converting an immense boulder on the beach of Sucia Island into the likeness of a Chinese, with a grass hat like an immense rice-bowl over his head. The size of "The Chink," as the rock is called, may be realized by comparing it with the sheep that stand beside it and which look little larger than rats. Still another freak of Nature among the San Juan Islands is "Turtle-Back" Mountain, which gains its name without much stretch of the imagination. As boats glide among the islands on the smooth water, this mountain seems to creep and crawl like a monster tortoise.

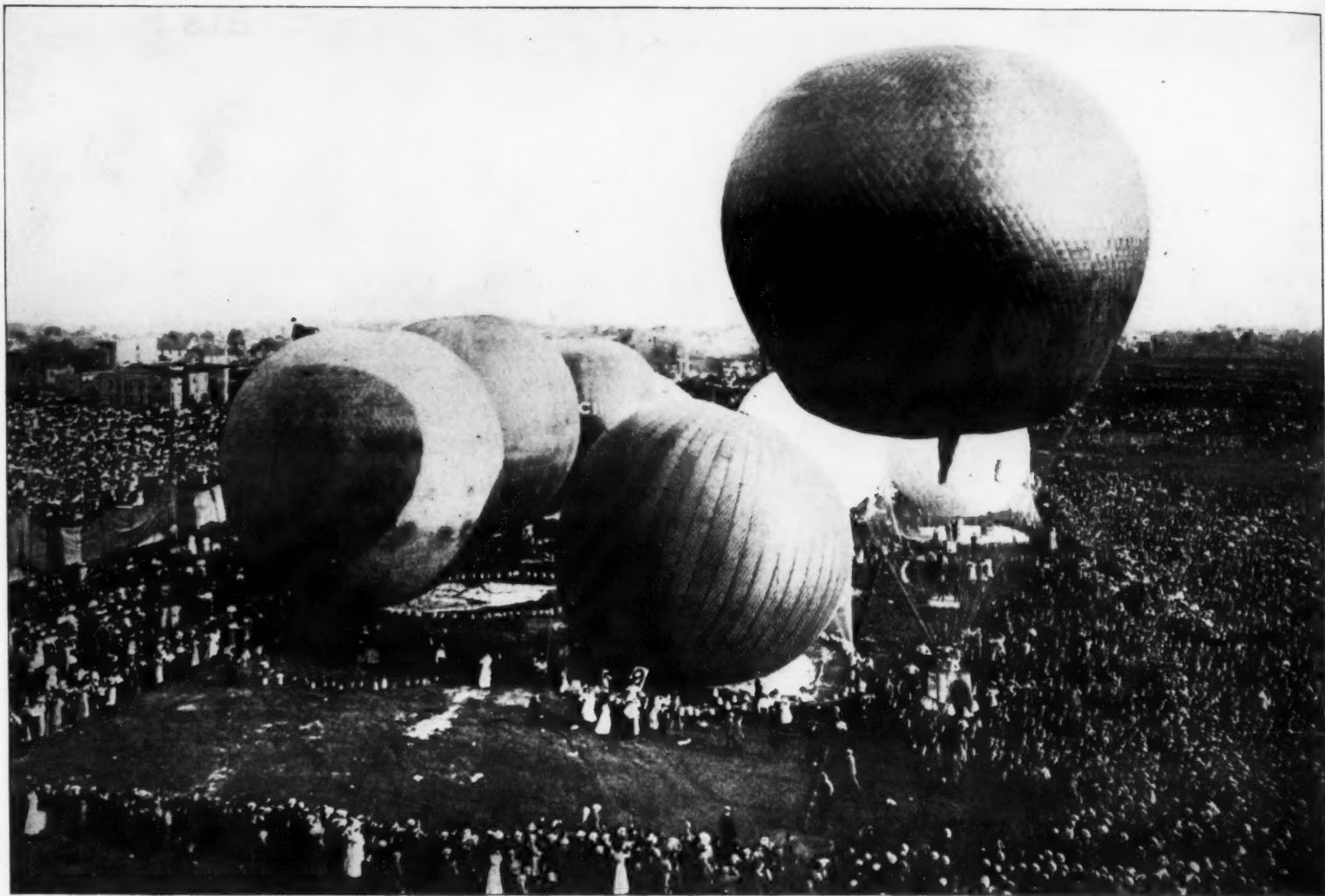
The island in front of the little summer resort of East Sound looks as if it might have been brought across the Pacific from a Japanese lake. Its stunted trees are Oriental, its buildings look like pagodas, and it seems to rest in a summer sea, for all the world like the Flowery Kingdom. Between the island and the beach is the favorite resort of bathers.



*To a steamer's passengers "Turtle-Back" Mountain seems to crawl down the river like a huge tortoise*



*"Japanese Island" in the San Juan Group at the northwesterly point of Washington State*



The Start of the International Balloon Race

The winning balloon making ready. The "Fielding-San Antonio" is just shaking loose from her guy-ropes, in the international race of nine balloons that left Chicago on July 4. The "Fielding" ended up at West Shefford, Quebec, having sailed 825 miles in 24 hours. The contest was for the greatest distance and the longest time in flight. A strong northeast wind drove the contesting balloons over Lake Michigan. The French entry, the "Ville de Dieppe," dropped into the lake, twenty-five miles from shore, and battled with the waves for three hours, before the balloon took to flight again. One of the occupants tried to leap out from the submerged basket, but his companion lashed him to an overhead ring. The occupants of the "Illinois" fell into the Bay of Quinte, with the balloon on top of them.

## What the World is Doing

### A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

#### Teachers Exchange Notes



OLD-FASHIONED education had a revival at the great Cleveland Convention of the National Educational Association this year. For one thing, the almost lost art of spelling was resuscitated on an unprecedented scale. In the greatest spelling bee in history, a team of fifteen Cleveland school-children defeated teams from Pittsburg, New Orleans, and Erie. Two girls, one white, from Pittsburg, and one colored, from Cleveland, spelled every word without a mistake.

A good deal of discontent with present educational methods cropped up. State Commissioner Draper of New York said that the current elementary courses in the schools did not fit their pupils even to serve efficiently as office-boys. When only one-third of the children remained to the end of the elementary course; when those who did were not able to do any definite thing required in the world's real affairs; when work sought workers, and young men and young women were indifferent to it or did not know how to do it, there was something the matter with the schools. Professor Draper thought that the work ought to diverge at about the present seventh grade according to the line the pupil intended to follow later. Those destined for literary and classical high schools could begin at that time to study modern foreign languages; those who intended to go to advanced business schools could take up special commercial subjects, and those who expected to stop with the elementary schools or to advance to factory schools or trade schools could have special training at

benches with tools, and in the household and the domestic arts. Professor Draper believed that at least half the teachers in the seventh and eighth grades should be men, and suggested that these grades might well be housed in central and specially prepared rooms.

Mr. Booker T. Washington created a deep impression by his plea for negro education. He described the remarkable work at Tuskegee, where there were ninety-six buildings on the grounds, all but four built by the labor of students who were helped in that way to pay their way through the institution. Mr. Washington declared that every man and woman trained at Hampton or Tuskegee was in demand, and asserted that if five times as many could be turned out they would find work at once either among their own people or among the Southern white people who wanted their services in various lines of industry. He added:

"I wish you to understand that there is a class of Southern white people which is growing in numbers and in influence, a class of educated, cultured, brave white people in the South who are just as much interested in the permanent welfare and progress of the negro race as any similar class to be found in the North or elsewhere, and it is largely through the cooperation of the intelligent negroes with this class of Southern white people that we are fast getting to the point where lynchings and the causes that provoke lynchings are disappearing."

#### Three-Cent Problems

THE first month of the three-cent fare experience in Cleveland did not make the fortune of the new Municipal Traction Company. In fact, the company found itself with a deficit of \$54,916.74 on its hands. Nevertheless, matters might have been much worse. For a considerable part of the month the system was tied up by a strike, which crippled its earning power, but still it paid operating expenses, taxes, and interest on bonds, with \$18,461.26 over. It was bound by the contract under which it had taken over the lines to pay \$73,378 in dividends for the month, and its failure to do so would put the old company back in control. That left it nearly \$55,000 short.

In the circumstances, Mayor Johnson does not consider the showing disappointing. The earnings for June improved sufficiently to wipe out the May deficit. The experiment could not have been undertaken at a more trying time, and any change from present conditions must be for the better. And while the Municipal Traction Company of Cleveland is struggling with the prob-

lem of making three-cent fares pay dividends on stock, we may as well remember that the Metropolitan of New York, under the management of high financiers, has gone to pieces because it has failed to make five-cent fares pay the interest on its bonds.

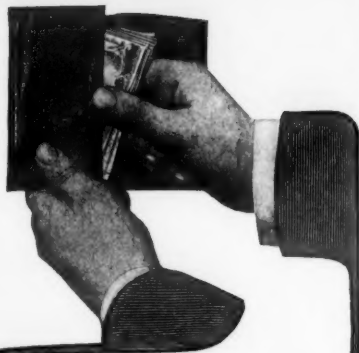
#### American Shipbuilding

NOTWITHSTANDING the paralysis of business, the shipyards of the United States have turned out more work in the fiscal year just closed than in any other year in our history. We built 1,506 vessels, of 588,627 tons, against 1,364 vessels of 510,865 tons in the year ending June 30, 1907, and 2,024 vessels of 583,450 tons in 1855, which had been the greatest twelve months in the annals of our shipping industry. But in 1855 a great part of our shipbuilding was for the foreign trade, and in 1908 we did not launch a single ship for that branch of commerce. All we did was for our home business, and the bulk of the work was done on the Great Lakes, which saw less than a tenth of the shipbuilding of half a century ago. In the fiscal year 1908, seventy-five steel lake steamers, of 304,379 tons, averaging over 4,000 tons each, accounted for more than half the output of all the shipyards of the United States. A deep waterway that would give the shipbuilders of the lakes access to the ocean would do more toward the revival of the American merchant marine than all the subsidies Congress could ever be induced to grant.

#### The Great Pie Issue

THE Republicans of Minnesota may make mistakes, but they seldom make the same one twice. They made a mistake when they ridiculed Governor Johnson on the ground of his humble origin. Now they have nominated a candidate for Governor whose chief qualification seems to be that he not only started outside the gilded haunts of luxury, but that he has never come near them. At the recent convention of Governors at Washington it was remarked that Mr. Johnson, whatever his early disadvantages, presented all the appearance of a man of the world. But the new Republican candidate for his place, Mr. Jacob F. Jacobson, is a rough diamond still. "The only reflection any one has been able to cast on our candidate," exclaimed ex-Congressman Eddy, in his nominating speech, "is that he eats pie with a knife. He is a rough, rugged, natural man. We could not have him any different if we would, and we would not if we could."





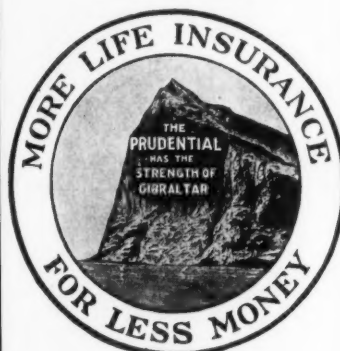
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Carried away by this picture of homely virtue, the other aspirants withdrew and the convention nominated Mr. Jacobson by acclamation.

### Prison for Orchard

*Steuenberg's assassin cheats  
the gallows*

**T**HE prediction that Harry Orchard would not hang for the murder of ex-Governor Steuenberg of Idaho has been verified. On July 1 the Board of Pardons commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. Orchard has always professed to be willing to die, and whether sincere in this attitude or not, he has maintained it to the last. Just before the commutation was granted he told his attorney that he hoped the effort to save his life would fail. Of course no murderer ever more richly deserved death than Harry Orchard. The assassination of Steuenberg was only one of many confessed crimes of the same sort. The sentence was reduced, not because of any doubt that it was fully deserved, but on the ground, as stated by Judge Woods in imposing it, that Orchard had told the full and exact truth when he testified against Haywood and Pettibone and had therefore earned some clemency.

### Private Citizen at Last

*W. R. Hearst finally relieved of  
the cares of office*

**M**R. HEARST has learned that he was not elected Mayor of New York in 1905. It has taken him two years and a half to make this discovery and he does not seem entirely convinced of the fact even yet. A majority of the people of New York probably believed that he had been counted out, but the recount has proved that, as far as the ballots in the boxes were concerned, there was little fraud and not very serious blundering. Mayor McClellan's plurality, as originally returned, was 3,834. The count in court reduced it to 2,965. All the six hundred thousand ballots were examined, and at the end Judge Lambert directed the jury to render a verdict that George B. McClellan had been elected Mayor, which was accordingly done. A motion for a new trial was denied. In giving his decision Judge Lambert expressed the opinion that the original canvass had been quite as accurate as the recount.

Of course this does not prove that Mr. Hearst might not have been elected if all the proceedings from the beginning had been absolutely pure. There may have been fraud in the registration; there may have been colonization and bribery and repeating. But these things were not brought to a definite issue. The thing that was definitely tested and decided was the accuracy of the count of the ballots actually put into the boxes. It had been charged that this count was fraudulent, and this charge was disproved.

In a statement issued after the decision Mayor McClellan said that the case had cost him over \$40,000, not counting counsel fees. The State and city were put to heavy expense, and Mr. Hearst put his own outlays at over a quarter of a million.

### The Lord of the Air

*Zeppelin breaks his own and all  
other records*

**C**OUNT ZEPPELIN still maintains his supremacy in the actual mastery of the air. While the dirigible balloon represents a transitory type and the aeroplane may be assumed to be the flying machine of the future, the Zeppelin airship has done things that no aeroplane has yet approached. On July 1 it left its house at Friedrichshafen, on the German shore of Lake Constance, and rose to a height of a thousand feet. Sailing over the lake to Constance, it turned into Switzerland, crossed the cantons of Thurgau and Zurich, hovered over the city of Zurich, traversed the cantons of Zug and Lucerne, performed complicated evolutions over the town of Lucerne, circumnavigated the lake, taking in every bay and indentation, and then retraced its course to Lake Constance. Finally it visited Bregenz, in Austria-Hungary, and then returned home, gliding into its shed as easily as a motor car slips into a garage. This voyage, which was personally conducted by Count Zeppelin himself, lasted for twelve hours. The airship carried a crew of fourteen men; it rose to a height of half a mile, and it covered a total distance of between two and three hundred miles. It overhauled and passed a railroad train, and in its long flights it averaged thirty-four miles an hour.

Obviously this is a machine that war and diplomacy as well as science must reckon with. If it can carry fourteen men it can carry fourteen bombs. While Farman's friends are boasting that he has beaten the aeroplane record by flying at a height of twenty-two feet, Zeppelin soars easily at twenty-five hundred feet—more than a hundred times as high. While the aeroplane is thought to have achieved a triumph if it can complete one closed circle of six or eight miles the Zeppelin ship does figure eights and fancy roller-skating stunts sixty-five miles from its starting point.

The German monster sailed in the course of a single day over the territory of three different nations. It passed over a Swiss artillery range and "was cheered by the troops engaged in field and firing exercises." Suppose this range, instead of being in Switzerland, had happened to be in France—how about the cheers then? Suppose a German airship crew had calmly inspected the fortifications of Paris? Suppose a French one had sailed over Alsace and Lorraine, taking notes and photographs of the defenses of Strassburg and Metz? Diplomacy is likely to have some busy hours in dealing with aerial navigation even in time of peace.

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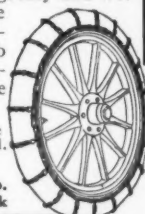
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## Her Business Manager

(Continued from page 11)

Bertie pleasantly, when the blaze sprang up and the sweetness of old varnish for a moment overrode the reek of his own peculiar atmosphere. He drew up Schiff's Morris chair to the glow, and began a new sonnet. Sonnets were a fad of his. He had many of them all finished but the sestet, for he found the sonnet form obstinate. The things had a way of either separating in the wrong place, or coming away in a solid lump without any waist-line at all, and he was very conscientious about having them just right. So, his table spread with his possessions, he settled down to spend a pleasant hour or so at work before dinner.

But his sister shivered at the window and was not warmed by the sparkling reflection of the burning chair.

The two were interrupted by the soft thud of letters falling through the slot at the door. From circulars and business letters the artist selected an envelope scrawled in a childish hand and opened it with a flutter at her heart. A ticket fell out—something about "recital" and the name *Eugen Schiff*.

The note read:

"I'm all scared, *Geliebte*, and I've told them I just won't play unless you come and sit right there and look at me. I don't feel very awfully well and Father wants to break the contract and damn the Expense. He only let me do it because I wanted to anyway, but I don't like to back out of Things. So please come, for if I can look at you and Father my knees won't shake so, I'm sure. Maybe you've got tickets already, but I'd rather you'd use these and then I'll know just where to look. Your very respectful friend,

"EUGEN SCHIFF."

"Why—it's to-night!" she muttered, and, "Poor little chap."

And she immediately went in search of her old-fashioned evening finery. . . . "It's a shame! His father ought not to let him!" and the more she thought of Eugen the more her sympathy increased for that perplexed father, and the more her imagination brooded upon that dream at which he had so sadly hinted. . . . "I wonder if he meant," she said as she strove with the image in the mirror, "and if he did . . . what nonsense! Me a German Hausfrau—old maid Me with a kitchen, and—a little boy!" At that a shy, wet-eyed smile glimmered in the astonished mirror, seeing which Letitia B. Marvin laughed outright, and the laugh was stranger yet, so that she remained open-mouthed with astonishment at the unfamiliar and attractive face with its bright dark eyes and the slowly increasing color in its cheeks.

"I wonder if it *would* be absurd!" she said at last thoughtfully. But then the vision of her brother in the next room crossed her mind, and the reflected features at once shrunk and paled to their familiar expression. . . . "Is the difference, then, so great as that?"

Bertie was asleep, snoring open-mouthed, when she passed out into the snowy night, and his sonnet was still unrimed, but the cigarette stubs were many and the whisky bottle was two-thirds empty. It had been his busy day. She looked at him sadly with her hand on the door-knob.

"I wonder if Mother would blame me

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*The above is a partial list of the stories bought by Collier's during the last few months, and we believe it to be the most remarkable collection of short stories ever offered to its readers by any periodical. Here are to be found not only the names of many of the most celebrated authors writing the English language but these particular tales are, in every instance, thoroughly representative of the story-teller's best work. However true the assertion may be that the work of well-known writers is frequently published solely on account of the reputation of the author, such a charge can certainly not be brought against any of these tales, as every story stands on its merits alone. In addition to the above list Collier's has recently bought a number of stories by authors almost as well known as those mentioned, and others by a younger set of writers as yet unknown to fame, but, in many instances, the stories are of equal merit and, we believe, will be found quite as interesting as those of their more celebrated contemporaries. The complete list of stories accepted during the last quarter, which ended June 1, and all procured since then, will be published in the near future, when the name of the winner of the last \$1,000 bonus will be announced.*

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for deserting you. I wonder if she would. And yet I know it would be really better for you to be made to stand alone—if you could. Would you, if you had to—or would you just double up like a doll with half the sawdust out? After so many years, perhaps you really can't. I wish I knew."

STARCHED and rigid with terror for his son, Schiff was none the less able to smile wanly when he saw occupying the seat next his a lady of distinguished air, and all in black and white, like an illustration. He had stayed in the dressing-room with the lad until the last minute, pretending with some success to be calm, and now arrived stumbling and gasping. Then the conductor came in, and the accompanist, and then the artist felt her wrist clutched as a strong man can clutch at things when he is badly frightened. It hurt very much, but she only patted the big square-tipped fingers reassuringly, until presently they realized they were in mischief and hastily withdrew.

Eugen looked straight at the lady and then at his father, bowed rather stiffly and smiled a pale little smile. He was building a spiritual bridge between himself and all that belonged to him in that dreadful ocean of eyes, and dared not look either right or left, lest he should tumble off into billows of staring strangeness. But at the first note from his accompanist all this terror passed like any other nightmare. Brave little gentleman and capable artist that he was, he calmly settled down to business. Violin once fairly tucked under chin he felt quite safe, and as he waited, bow in hand, he surveyed all the big house abstractedly as a thing interesting, perhaps, but of no real importance, until the great instant came, then he cuddled his soft cheek down to the brown wood as cozily as if there were indeed nobody present but his father and she whom he had called his Beloved.

As for poor Schiff, he had a formidable score which he tried nobly to follow, but what with his hands shaking and the necessity of keeping his eyes on the boy he had to give it up, and just as he was wondering whether it would ever end, the violin was untucked and the house fell down. But while Eugen was comely bowing and smiling and accepting enormous rigid floral pieces, his father was muttering into the flattened crown of his opera hat—"Gott sei dank! Gott sei dank! Gott sei—" until his neighbor pulled vigorously at his sleeve and he so far came to himself that hearing another German shouting "Hoch!" he shouted "Hoch!" too in such a tremendous voice that everybody turned to smile and this was almost as bad as drinking one's own toast.

The first number being safely passed they did not mind the others as much, for there were long spaces in between when the orchestra played or the lady from the opera sang, "Dich Theuere Halle," of course, and other things, so that they could breathe quite easily for minutes at a time.

And when it was all over they went around to the dressing-room and found a tired and rather cross little boy, who yawned as he complacently allowed his *Geliebte* to help him into his overcoat, and sharply commanded her not to leave him when they went out by a secret way to their carriage, thus avoiding the onslaught of foolish women, of whom (for the foolishness of this sort of people is beyond belief) one could be heard in an altercation with an usher demanding "just one look of his hair."

So the artist consented to get into the cab with the prodigy and his father, and the prodigy fell asleep directly, but in the falling made himself comfortable, nestling his head and shoulders cozily in the lap of his *Geliebte* and trailing his spindling legs across his father's knees, so that the two of them held him quite comfortably. Indeed, he needed both, for he was quite too big a lapful for one person and was growing fast.

"It was—very kind of you to come, Mrs. Marvin," said Schiff. Now that it was all over he was dull, embarrassed, and nervous, which is a sorry state for one of his weight and natural phlegm. But as to that, there are people who are called phlegmatic, because they keep down the lively part of their souls with an iron hand, having learned the unwisdom of letting their emotions stay outdoors to be hurt. They are like these big, barren-looking houses that have closely drawn curtains over their sitting-room windows, and a high wall about their gardens and all manner of lovely fragrant things growing in a conservatory. You never can tell much from the outside of things. But on this evening it was as if somebody had let the conservatory heater get cold—

as if the curtains were removed from the sitting-room windows and a dismal sign there—"For Sale or To Let"—for the lady of whom he had dreamed his little dream was oceans away, though she sat beside him with Eugen in her arms, and now that the boy's triumph and fame were fairly upon him, the father had the wisdom to be frightened. He had been shipwrecked once and had drifted about for a few days in the middle of the Atlantic upon a raft—an experience which goes a long way toward teaching a man his insignificance in the scheme of things. And to-night he remembered how the waves swelled up between him and the sky and it seemed as though he saw them coming again—only it wasn't himself that was alone upon the ocean, but little Eugen, who had no mother. . . . And then—may the Lord forget him if he ever forgets how the Boat came alongside the floundering raft and a Face—he could just see it and no more—looked over the side into his. . . .

"Mr. Schiff—" It wasn't the boat, but it was something like it—"I—I think I ought to correct a little mistake you made the other day—not that it is of any especial importance. The gentleman of whom you bought the drawings is my brother, not my husband. I am unmarried."

And from the even tone in which she spoke, no one could have possibly guessed how she was trembling from head to foot and cold and hot of cheek. But though she was prepared for something to happen, she was startled at its promptness and enthusiasm.

"Unmarried! Then you can come. . . . The home is waiting for you, *liebes Fräulein*. . . and you want it. I know, as much as it wants you—" (Which is not the usual way of putting these matters to a lady, but she was not critical.)

Their hands clasped above Eugen, and they looked to each other for the moment not a day older than those slim young knights and princesses in the fairy drawing-book.

Then a doubt crossed his face. One heard so much of the careers of women, these days; and this one had more right to be proud of her work than most of those whose voices were loud in the land.

"But—your career," he said shyly, "for it is said that women have no time when they are married. . . ."

She laughed, started to speak—but answered instead by gathering the sleeping boy very closely in her arms, and leaning her cheek down against his. Then with her disengaged hand she reached out and clasped that of Schiff.

That gentleman let the sentimental Teutonic tears brim over upon his honest rosy cheeks.

"Die ewigweibliche," he quoted softly, "zieht uns hinan." . . . We will be married to-morrow morning," he concluded briskly, and at the word of authority, Letitia felt as Atlas might if somebody unstrapped the world from his shoulders. Would women ever try to lead the way, she wondered, if it weren't for the Berties?

BERTIE had so far recovered from his arduous labor on his sonnet as to move from the studio and the divan upon which he had hitherto slept, into his sister's starched and sacred little bedroom—the one place which she had always religiously kept like other people's bedrooms, never allowing a trace of studio dust and disorder to penetrate there. But there he was, half-dressed, curled in the middle of the white bedspread, and the bed table where she always kept, with Philistine neatness, a Bible, a candle, a pitcher, and a glass of water, was cleared for the cards, cigarettes, matches, whisky bottle, and the litter of futile manuscripts. He was asleep, with the gas turned on full and his characterless mouth drooped childishly open under his weak mustache.

She looked at him long, coming closer and studying his unpleasant face as she had never done before.

"I wonder if it is because he never grew up. He's really only a boy." She sighingly passed her hand lightly across his forehead, hesitated, and then kissed him, for it is thus, and not in anger, that our good angels leave us when there is absolutely nothing more to be done.

She went back to the cold studio and built up the fire, using with joyful recklessness old stretchers that now she would never need; old canvases, old sketches that had been toiled over with hungry haste, and before this bonfire of all that she was tired of she sat, smiling, until the west was so pink with reflections from the east that the rosy light came in and added its promise and comfort to the cheer of the fire.

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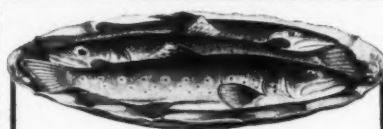
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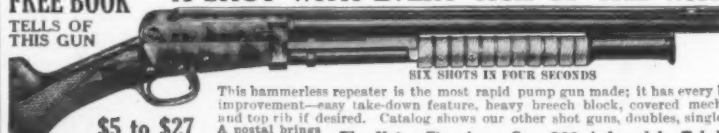
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## Long of Kansas

(Concluded from page 9)

branded himself as a liar. An attorney in the case thus described him:

"This man Richards is the most circumstantial, the most cumulative and corroborative liar I have ever seen."

It is this man Richards who has been Long's trusted lieutenant in Sumner County, and, in a way, his political manager in the State.

Long is "good pay"—his followers know it. I quote from a printed "personal and confidential" letter sent out to the voters of the Seventh District in his interest in 1902 when he was a candidate for the Senate:

"Another and important matter should impel the Republican leaders and workers in the various counties in the Seventh District to put forth their earnest efforts for Mr. Long for Senator. He remembers his friends, and in the distribution of Senatorial patronage he will not forget in the future, as he has not in the past, the boys of the Seventh District who line up and help him now. You need not be reminded that there will be a great deal of patronage at the disposal of a Senator who stands close to the President, and, outside of Federal offices, there is the vast patronage of the State which our friend can and will control. . . . When the victory is won, the party workers of the Seventh District will be in a position to command and receive these legitimate rewards for their party services."

### Long's Way of Paying

A TRUE prophecy, this. "Mort" Albaugh, who graduated, through Long's influence, from a berth as receiver of a bank at Emporia to be State Bank Commissioner, and, later, to be clerk of the United States District Court, can testify. So can "Sunny Jim" Simpson, once a Burton supporter, who was rewarded for his work for Long by being made Internal Revenue Collector, and many others who have "checked out" of Long's bank of political friendship. That it is the public who pays the salaries of these workers and suffers because of their neglect of their official duties for the larger work of proving Long a surpassing statesman worries Long not at all. One more instance (circulated in Kansas by "Uncle Cy" Leland, then and at various intervals during the last twenty-five years the genial boss of the Republican Party in the State), illustrating both Long's close alliance with railroad influences in Kansas and his zeal in settling political obligations:

In the contest for Senator in 1903 there were three candidates—Representatives Long and Curtis, and Governor Stanley. The real issue was between Long and Curtis, both friendly to the railroads, and the one that got the backing of the railroad influence would win. In the campaign for the election of the Legislature in 1902, Long was without funds to make a State-wide canvass, and in his perplexity he turned to "Judge" A. G. Cochran of St. Louis, general attorney and political agent for the Missouri Pacific and the Gould roads. The "touch" was made—Long's agent got \$5,000 and the promise of the road's support. Long won—Curtis said in a public speech at Parsons, Kansas, in October, 1906, that the railroads defeated him for the Senate at that time.

### The Case of "Judge" Cochran

LONG became Senator in March, 1903. A few months later, United States Judge Henry C. Caldwell of the Eighth Judicial Circuit retired. Long went to President Roosevelt and suggested as Caldwell's successor A. G. Cochran of St. Louis. One of the arguments Long used was designed to appeal to the President's non-partizan spirit. Cochran, said Long, was not only the best man for the place, but was also a Gold Democrat. Just before the appointment was to be announced, the Kansas delegation in Congress heard of it. There was a quick, sharp counter-check executed. Secretary Hitchcock, who lived in St. Louis and was familiar with Cochran's record, told the President who Cochran really was, and Attorney-General Knox added his opinion. "Judge" Cochran was not appointed.

Cochran did not get the judgeship, but to quote from the summary of Long's votes in Congress:

"On page 6532, Volume 40, of the Congressional Record, we find Senator Long voting to give the railroads the longest possible time to get rid of their coal

lands." The Gould roads in Colorado were notorious grabbers of coal lands.

Long is a shrewd "provider." His men knew that. He is a politician with brains and foresight—more like Odell of New York than any Western type. Observers in Kansas recollect a passage in his Beloit speech of 1906, in which he took occasion to describe himself as the humble disciple of Senator Allison, and the champion of such statesmen as Aldrich, Hale, Fulton, and, in general, the "conservatives." That speech pleased those "ideal Senators." Let me quote William Allen White, who is fighting for Bristow as hard as any man in Kansas:

"After making that speech, probably Senator Long could have had anything within reason that a first-term Senator could desire. Did he pick out a place which required great statesmanship, high thinking, great mental effort? No. Senator Long took the chairmanship of the committee on the census. Now let us look at that chairmanship a moment, and remember the peroxide politicians of the Long machine in Kansas, languishing for Long's attentions. Theoretically the men who take the census are appointed by the President, but he does not have time to look after the details. Theoretically it is done by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, but he does not have time. Theoretically he turns it over to the director of the census, and he also is crowded for time, and turns to Republican Congressmen and Senators, and asks them to help. Congressmen have large leisure for census appointments. So do Senators, and when the director of the census has to turn to the chairman of the Committee on the Census in the Senate for much of his financial support, the director of the census and the chairman of the Senate committee become great friends. Anything the chairman asks he can have. . . .

### Long and the Census Committee

"NOW, do not misunderstand this statement. Long made no corrupt bargain with the powers of the Senate to sell his vote for the chairmanship of the Census Committee. That came to him as a reward of merit for his excellent service in the Lower House. But he took that committee because with it he could satisfy his machine and his machine would reelect him. It is the old game of giving the people the jobs and the powers the votes, for the census officers in any State fit a machine in that State to perfection. In the first place, there is a supervisor for each Congressional district. A machine is organized by having a captain in each district. Then there is a county organization of the census, just as there is in a machine, and the census-takers handle the census by wards and precincts just as the machine has its ward and precinct workers. And here is an important thing—the work of the census will not be done until 1910; Long must be nominated in 1908; he is demanding service before he issues pay."

In the beginning I quoted from "Billy" Morgan's biography of Long: "To understand any man correctly, you must know his personal history; the difficulties he has encountered and overcome; what others have done for him, what he has accomplished for himself; his method of thought; the theories and policies that control his actions. . . ." I will add here two more sentences from that well-written summary:

"On August 4, 1908, at a primary election, the Republicans of Kansas will nominate a candidate for United States Senator. Chester I. Long is a candidate for this nomination, and it is entirely proper to recall to the minds of the Republicans of Kansas the salient facts in the private and public life of Senator Long to the end that they may understandingly and intelligently pass upon his candidacy."

Here, then, is Long of Kansas, a foreigner to the State's spirit, cool, cautious, able in a lawyerly way, and a "practical" politician (not a statesman) from his well-shod feet to the crown of his top hat, nearly seven feet above. His friends are the friends of his brains and power, rather than of his heart. His influence in Kansas politics has been bad; a man of vigorous middle age, he has already allied himself with the "reactionary" wing of the Republican Party which his State has repudiated.

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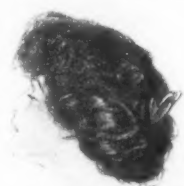


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